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SEVERAL times in his career Mr. Theodore Roosevelt under the influence of some temporary set-back has announced himself "out of politics." But in the fulness of time he always returned to politics with undiminished energy and gusto. As we see it the moment for Mr. Roosevelt's return to politics will be about August 1st. He will be needed during the campaign in order to carry on the agitation which he started last winter and which is not necessarily associated with his personal candidacy for the Republican nomination. In conducting that agitation he was expressing more completely his own most cherished convictions and his own deepest feelings than he ever has before in his political career. He is more than anything else a militant moralistic nationalist, and he has given an expression to his faith in a way that has made a sharp impression on the public mind. He need not drop his agitation even though he has failed in his candidacy. On the contrary, he might persist and make an opportunity for persisting by running for another political office—one which is within the gift of the Republican voters rather than the politicians. He might announce himself as candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator from New York. In that case he could continue his agitation on his own hook, and assist, as he is bound to do, in Mr. Hughes's election without any loss of personal independence. If he were successful, as he might well be, he would obtain an important official position inside the Republican party, and could make his influence count much more effectively on behalf of his own program and that of his former Progressive associates. In spite of the manifest dangers and drawbacks of this suggestion, it looks like the course best adapted to promote his convictions and to keep him where he belongs—in public life.

THE suffrage plank in the Republican party is, of course, a disappointment but it is not altogether to be despised. A great party which may control the government has committed itself to the principle of votes for women. This gives suffragists an excellent talking point. There is no longer any excuse for a "good Republican" to oppose women in the states. To be sure there is the danger that congressmen will seize upon this as an excuse to continue their obstruction to the Federal Amendment. Against that the remedy lies in the immense voting power of the enfranchised women of the West. The effect of that power was plainly evident at Chicago. The women met and all the parties sent prominent campaigners to plead for their support. The spectacle of politicians coming to the women and reversing the historic procedure was a refreshing sight. Best of all was the quality of the women in the Woman's party. It is no exaggeration to say that their meeting was positively the most intelligent gathering in Chicago. The men listened solemnly and appreciatively to all the buncombe of political oratory. But when Mr. John Hays Hammond, representing the Republicans, delivered a speech to the women which was the exact counterpart of what was said hours on end at the Coliseum, the women laughed out loud at him.

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DEMOCRATS will spend a great deal of energy during the next few months in denouncing the Republican Presidential candidate for not considering the occupation of a position on the Supreme Court a bar to the acceptance of a nomination for the Presidency. They are proposing to submit to the state legislatures a constitutional amendment forbidding a repetition of the offense. In assuming this attitude they are only behaving just as the Republicans would behave under similar provocation; but all their eloquence will not gain a thousand votes for Mr. Wilson or lose that number for Mr. Hughes. Political lawyers like to raise questions of this kind because it is so much easier for empty and timid minds to effervesce into verbosity about factitious than about real issues. But the ordinary voter has too much commonsense not to realize the vanity of these pretentious scruples. The Presidency is immensely the most important office in the American system. The American people should be free if necessary to recruit its incumbents from any and every source—from ex-Presidents no less than from Supreme Court Justices. Of course a Justice should not solicit a nomination unless he resign his position, but Mr. Hughes did not lift a finger on behalf of his own nomination. The most effective way to keep the Supreme Court out of politics is not to lug it into politics on factious or frivolous pretexts.

OUR *mañana* policy in Mexico seems about to end. The Democratic Platform will probably recognize that the policy of watchful waiting, of marking time, of hoping for something to turn up, has failed. Gone is the fiction that Mexico, in its present distracted state, is a fully sovereign power, with the conduct of whose affairs no foreign nation should presume to interfere. A more aggressive program is foreshadowed. Mr. Wilson is to announce to Señor Carranza that American troops will stay in Mexico until assurances are given of Carranza's ability to maintain orderly government. But Carranza cannot give such assurances. He has not the men or the money or the united public approval upon which alone a stable government can be based. His administration was weak from the first; it was still further weakened by the purely negative attitude of the United States; it was almost destroyed when American troops crossed the border. The Carranza government is now in a position, no doubt foreseen by Villa, where if it escapes annihilation by opposing the United States army it will be denounced and destroyed by the anti-American Mexicans themselves. The time has therefore come, if it is not already too late, for a constructive plan of coöperation, which will avoid wounding Mexican sensibilities unnecessarily, but will enable the United States to aid effectively in the work of reëstablishing internal peace in the distressful country to our south.

BIT by bit the President has of late been evolving an imaginative and educative background for the preparedness movement. His speech on the League to Enforce Peace showed that his mind had moved far beyond the mere panic and formless patriotism of the enthusiasts who want to be tremendously prepared for nothing in particular and everything in general. The speech at the West Point graduation, though less concrete in its terms, touched upon the important elements in the great problem. Mr. Wilson declared the truth that armament in America is needed not so much to repel raiding parties from Germany or Japan, but to give weight to American diplomacy; he followed this by the argument that the only real defense lies in pooling our force with other nations against the aggressor; he met the bogey of militarism with an admirable reaffirmation of the superiority of civil over military power, of the citizen over the soldier; he supplied the honest answer to the sincere pacifist when he insisted that the difference between militarism and democracy lies not in the possession or the lack of force but in the political purpose for which force is used. In his treatment of the many-sidedness of the "preparedness" question, the President is setting a hot pace.

WHEN Mayor Mitchel of New York charged certain Catholic priests and others with a conspiracy to defeat his administration and hamper his efforts to protect city wards in private charitable institutions, his opponents shouted that he had raised the religious issue and that by attacking the Catholic Church had committed political suicide. But Mayor Mitchel did not raise this issue, and up to the present moment the Catholic Church has not done so. Several churchmen, including Monsignor Dunn, have been definitely charged with specific offenses, and the evidence in the case has been duly presented to the District Attorney. But such an accusation against individual priests does not constitute an attack upon either Catholicism or the Church. The Catholic authorities would be badly advised if they themselves raise the issue, for there is little doubt how the people would decide on the question of the city's right to determine how its own money is to be spent. Even if the Church, by direct or indirect means, were to secure the defeat of Mr. Mitchel for reëlection, its success would be transient, not only in New York City but in other places where the Catholic minority is much smaller. There is enough latent bigotry and anti-Catholic prejudice in the country without intensifying the

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feeling by what would be regarded as an attempt of the Church to use its spiritual powers for sordid political ends.

MR. FAIRBANKS lives in a doubtful state, where he has endeared himself to Republicans who have been postmasters and to Republicans who hope to be postmasters. He is popular with the small-office-holding class, and he ought to be. His political views are theirs. The horizon of their political world is his. By diligence he has secured their favor, and it is not recorded that his mental power ever excited envy in the bosom of any mortal man or woman. His perfect mediocrity will do no one any harm unless he is put into a position which calls for brains and a strong character. This is about as far as it is safe to go in praise of the man the Republicans have nominated for Vice-President, unless you care to add that so far as the public remembers his utterances, he has never said so many positively foolish things as Mr. Marshall. The delegates who nominated Mr. Fairbanks had learned nothing from either Tyler or Andrew Johnson. Such a nomination, made in cynical indifference to the possibility that a Vice-President may become President, gives point to Mr. Roland G. Usher's remark that to the American mind a contingent danger is no danger at all.

SULKY, defined in the small Oxford as " sullen, morose, silent or inactive or unsociable from resentment of ill-temper," does well enough as a description of Senator O'Gorman's present state of mind. His resentment appears in his unsociable discovery of a pressure of business sufficient to keep him, a morose delegate-at-large, away from the St. Louis convention. His resentment is caused by President Wilson's refusal to make Mr. Joseph Johnson postmaster of New York. Would this resentment have been greater if the President, instead of first inclining to appoint Mr. Johnson and then changing his mind because so many protests were made against such a preposterous appointment, had said as soon as Mr. O'Gorman suggested Mr. Johnson that Mr. O'Gorman must suggest a better candidate? Perhaps Mr. O'Gorman would have been sulkier. Perhaps he would have been less sulky. The only sure thing is that if the President had taken of his own initiative the position into which the weight of protest finally drove him, several thousand men and women might never have found out how little he really cared about efficiency in the New York post-office.

THE lock-out in the New York cloak, suit and skirt industry, now in its seventh week, is settling down to a struggle of endurance. On the surface the manufacturers seem to have the tactical advantage. They chose their own time, precipitating the conflict in the slack season, after two lean years, during which the savings of the men were depleted. There is already suffering among the employees and their families, and the union is finding it hard to meet the demands upon its funds. But the men are not disheartened. They are well organized, admirably led, and are fighting with the consciousness that the public is on their side. They are further encouraged by the fact that the time for making samples is already here, and within a few weeks the normal busy season in the industry will have arrived. The advantage of time is thus passing to the side of the men. Moreover, though manufacturers have opened their shops, only a few employees have returned. Picketing has been successful and peaceful, and the relations between the pickets and the police nearly always friendly. The locked-out employees are now appealing for help to their fellow unionists in other trades as well as to the general public, while renewing their offers to discuss their differences and accept mediation. In the interest of the cloak industry and of the community as a whole, it is earnestly to be hoped that the employees will achieve victory in their heroic struggle.

"NO fierce activity can be maintained in a mind not alimented with glowing emotions and sentiment—those of Patriotism, Honor, Art, Family Ties, Military Sacrifice. Too much freedom of the individual is not consonant with these. To fill minds with fervid motives in a nation such as this one of chaotic disunion and make those minds prevail depends on a class here as yet unformed composed of moral, scientific, artistic and military 'Samurai.' A class which should spread its teachings and example always outward and downward; and should be united in the thought of national unity and humane imperialism. . . . Where peace prevails during many decades, the nation commences to lose its sense of reality; because pain is the test of reality. . . When war supervenes many well known persons who have kept repeating well known things vanish over the horizon and give place to the improvised Samurai. . . There is only one leaven which can preserve the State and the Nation against death-dealing inertia or lethargy, both as to soul and body, and that leaven is a militarism of the French variety." No, this is not Nietzsche or any diabolical German war-willer. This is Edward H. Finlay, writing a leading article in the May, 1916, issue of *Seven Seas,* the official organ of The Navy League of America. Which gentlemen of the Navy League are the Samurai responsible for this neurotic fury? They may privately wish

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to save America by the same philosophy that is now saving Europe, but if they expect to spread such teachings "outward and downward" they will be bitterly disappointed.

Mr. Hughes and the Task Ahead

THE only redeeming feature of the performance of the Republican party in Chicago last week is the personal quality and character of its nominee. Mr. Charles E. Hughes is a man of unimpeachable moral independence and austere personal integrity. If he is elected the country can trust absolutely in his good faith. He will not be the creature of any political faction or machine, the servant of any special interests or the accomplice of stronger-willed associates. There is no man in American public life who combines so much character with so much ability. As Governor of New York he had the reputation of being opinionated, self-centered and inflexible, but if Presidents are to have faults like other men, it is better for them to be too self-assertive than too accommodating. Mr. Hughes will be surrounded by a group of political associates who know their own minds supremely well, and if as President he is not to become their victim he will need exceptional powers of resistance. Let us be thankful, then, for his inflexibility. No Republican has any chance of making a satisfactory President unless he is willing, if necessary, to split his own party rather than yield to the dictation of the machine.

But Mr. Hughes will need more than independence and character to make a success of his campaign. The managers of his party have already loaded his candidacy with a series of formidable handicaps. They have named a Vice-Presidential candidate whose character and ability scarcely qualify him to be the postmaster of a village. They have saddled him with a platform which is merely a careful attempt to play safe on all dangerous issues. In an extremely critical moment in the country's history, when the nation needs guidance and enlightenment more than at any time since the Civil War, they have framed a platform adapted solely to the object of not losing votes. It is a "stand-pat" document in the most literal and drastic meaning of that hoary word. If a Republican administration acted on it, not only would the country stand still or retrograde, but no generous or ardent or liberal American spirit could take any share or interest in government. They have discouraged positive conviction, suffocated in advance all incipient enthusiasm, suppressed any expression of political intelligence or any appeal to it, and solicited from the American people negative rather than affirmative support. They are counting upon casting enough votes against Mr. Wilson to elect Mr. Hughes—upon seizing power without indulging in any inconvenient promises as to the manner of using it.

Mr. Hughes will be making a grave mistake in case he allows any such campaign to be imposed upon him. The prevailing opposition to Mr. Wilson is wholly insufficient to elect by itself the Republican candidate. Both Wilson and Hughes can count certainly upon polling over six million votes. The election will be decided by 1,500,000 voters who supported Mr. Roosevelt in 1912 because of positive progressive convictions. If the election were to be held tomorrow, Mr. Wilson would have, in our opinion, a better chance than Mr. Hughes of securing the support of a majority of these voters. The performance of the Republican party at Chicago was too cold-blooded, too cynical, too obviously dictated by an inside ring not to arouse the suspicions of the old middle-western insurgents. They would infallibly detect the handiwork of their former enemies and they would rejoice at the opportunity of dealing another blow at the organized "interests." They would vote "No," but the negative ballot would count against the Republicans.

Moreover, Mr. Wilson is supplying them and will continue to supply them with increasingly persuasive excuses for casting an affirmative ballot for him. Since the first of January he has been most assiduously and most shrewdly forestalling criticism and strengthening the policy and the position of the administration. The political purposes for which he proposes to use the new army and navy have become increasingly explicit. The original Pan-American program has been expanded into a general policy of aggressive pacifism, so that the security of South America and the United States would become only a consequence, as it should be, of the security of all inoffensive nations. Even in Mexico the President has apparently decided to pursue a stronger and a franker course. At the present writing it looks as if the Democratic platform would offer to American public opinion an outline of domestic and foreign policy far more explicit, realistic, spirited and progressive than that of the Republicans.

Just as Mr. Hughes will need all his personal integrity to resist the importunities of his political associates, so he will need all his great abilities to repair the mistakes of their political generalship. The Republican party will never be reunited by a campaign devoted to the conquest of negative votes. Mr. Roosevelt was looking in the right direction when he sought to impart positive momentum to

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the Republican canvass; and Mr. Hughes will fail unless he can take over some of Mr. Roosevelt's aggressive and contagious energy. If he cannot assume and justify a sustained offensive, he is lost. Those 1,500,000 Progressive votes are undoubtedly hesitating. They will not be easy to win, because they are already suspicious; but many of them can be won and they are worth winning. Mr. Hughes should be careful to surround himself with Progressives as well as Republicans and to consult them as to the management of the campaign. He should revise and supplement the platform so that voters with liberal convictions may know what to expect from him. Above all, he must make a definite personal contribution to the issues of the campaign and to a wise domestic and foreign policy for the American government. Mere criticism of Mr. Wilson has lost its carrying power. Mr. Wilson has taken the sting out of it by acknowledging in certain essential respects the force of the criticism and by correcting his policy. What the country needs is not condemnation of the Democratic administration, but the publication of an improved alternative. As an alternative to Mr. Wilson himself Mr. Hughes's personal character and ability leave nothing to be desired; but the doubters will not vote for him because of his moral *beaux yeux*. They will want assurances of many different kinds—assurances far more specific, comprehensive and unequivocal than those contained in his telegram of acceptance. The desirable alternative to Wilsonism may exist; but Mr. Hughes has still to formulate it and drive it home. He must create a Hughes policy and doctrine.

The Progressive Party—an Obituary

LAST week there died in Chicago a political party whose birth a few years ago had been heralded with high-sounding words and with abundant enthusiasm. Observers disagree as to the circumstances of its death and even as to the fact. But dead it undoubtedly is, and the attending circumstances are not a matter of public importance. Its usefulness was gone. It was no longer an effective instrument of any of the objects which it had originally been intended to serve. While its death was neither unexpected nor undeserved, its corpse is entitled to a respectful burial and its memory to some show of sympathetic celebration. Whatever its failings, the Progressive party was a child of the spirit. Although it originated in a merely negative protest it soon improved upon its own original and was touched by a social living impulse. For a while it looked like a serious as well as a gallant political adventure. Unfortunately, like so many other adventurous enterprises, it did not grow up to the necessities and opportunities of its own business. It was unable to keep its appeal sufficiently popular, its program persistently progressive, and its impulse whole-hearted. It gradually faded away and was apparently about to die of mere inanition. At the last moment, however, a sudden access of futile vitality proved it true to type. It died, but it died as it was born, kicking.

The Progressive party originated in the resentment caused among the Roosevelt Republicans in 1912 because their candidate was cheated out of the party nomination to the Presidency. But almost immediately the movement became more than a protest and a bolt. The ideas on which Mr. Roosevelt had based his attack on the Taft administration were formulated into a creed and concentrated into a faith. The result was the Progressive platform of 1912—a declaration of middle-class liberalism which sought to accomplish its social program by means of an increase in popular political power and responsibility. Many of the Progressives accepted such a program only because it was tied to the Roosevelt candidacy. Certain others were converted to the candidacy because it was associated with the platform. As the campaign developed the platform began to loom larger in the imagination of the Progressives. It became a covenant between the party and the people of the United States, whereby the former solemnly pledged themselves to promote social justice, to increase direct popular political power and, as a means to these ends, to destroy the "invisible government" of professional politicians and predatory business. They began to look forward to a prosperous future. They did not expect to elect Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, but many Progressives did hope by virtue of the merit of their platform to survive and develop into a major political party. They hoped to displace the Republicans as the effective opposition to the Democracy and as the representatives of a constructive national policy.

These hopes proved to be delusive. The enthusiasm of the Progressives, and with it their strength, began to wane soon after the election. The platform did not continue to be a source of enthusiastic conviction, or moral cohesion or contagious propaganda. Some local educational work was attempted on behalf of progressive political and social principles; but it was prevented from being effective by its lack of continuity, by the growing unpopularity of certain parts of the Progressive platform, and the inability of Progressives to appreciate the defects of their industrial program. An ostensibly Progressive party, that is, failed itself to progress. It failed in self-criticism and necessary readjustment. On the other hand, the candidate of the party came

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back with unimpaired energy and vitality. Single-handed, without any efficient help from his own party and in spite of Republican hostility, Mr. Roosevelt created an effective opposition to the Democratic administration and aroused the conscience of the country to a glimmering sense of its international responsibilities. The Progressive party was merged in its leader. It disappeared as the embodiment of living social and political principles. What remained was a group of men wholly devoted to the personality of Roosevelt and convinced that his election to the Presidency was the one perfect way of contributing to the social and political welfare of the United States. As the nomination period grew near this group of men increased rapidly in numbers and was joined by many recruits from the Republicans. But any body of conviction, independent of Mr. Roosevelt, which had formerly existed in the Progressive party had been dissipated. Nothing was left but an indiscriminate and enthusiastic loyalty to their chief.

Those Progressives who aspired above all things to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency found themselves placed during this pre-convention campaign in an embarrassing situation. Mr. Roosevelt could not be elected without Republican support; yet Republican support could not be purchased by Progressives without betrayal of the faith and the creed to which four years ago they had declared solemn allegiance. The Republican party of 1916 does not differ in any essential respect from that portion of the party which nominated Mr. Taft. During the four intervening years they have done nothing to conciliate the malcontents. They have revised none of their professed principles; they have dismissed none of their objectionable leaders; they have not by a single act or declaration betrayed a leaning towards liberalism, such as would make an honest Progressive welcome reunion. Some Republican leaders are willing now, as they were in 1912, to feed to a starving society a few crumbs of social legislation. Another group, headed by Mr. Root, is sincerely and intelligently interested in certain essential phases of administrative reorganization. But the best of them are devoid of those aspirations for political and social democracy which furnished the moral energy and enthusiasm to Progressivism in 1912; and a large and influential fraction are frank believers in political autocracy, legalistic conservatism and industrial exploitation. The Republican convention was a consummate example of that "invisible government" which four years ago the Progressives solemnly promised the American people to fight to the death. Its new platform is a stupidly, defiantly and cynically reactionary document. A reunion of the Progressives with such a party would have been tantamount to a weak and base capitulation.

When the Progressives assembled in Chicago on June 7th they knew of only one way of avoiding such capitulation. If they could force the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt on the Republicans, they could at least exchange their candidate for their principles and so save their faces at whatever sacrifice of their souls. They could pretend that the Republicans by accepting their chief had ended the quarrel with a frank admission of the indispensability of Mr. Roosevelt. But these tactics involved one serious difficulty. What would they do in case the Republicans again repudiated their leader? By allowing the old issues between them and the Republicans to fade away they had deprived themselves of any reason for existence except as a tail to Mr. Roosevelt's kite. They were risking everything on the attempt to force their leader's nomination. Thus in the end the party was reduced to one idea. Progressivism proved itself to be hero-worship masquerading as principle. Its epitaph should read: "Here lie the remains of a party which lived to make Theodore Roosevelt President of the United States and died as the penalty of its failure."

That the soul of the Progressive party was sent to Oyster Bay for safe keeping is sufficiently proved by the contrast between the creed of 1916 and the creed of 1912. Four years ago Mr. Roosevelt was running on a platform which was to a large extent made for him and even partly imposed on him by American progressive opinion. To-day the Progressive platform is a reflection of Mr. Roosevelt's recent speeches, which were profoundly influenced by the necessity of saying nothing which would prove a bar to his nomination by the Republican party. They expressed an "heroic" fighting spirit, but a spirit formulated so as not to offend well intending conservatives. The platform of an ostensibly progressive party fails to utter one single conviction which need cause any uneasiness to the established order. It does not tamper with the foundations of political and economic power. The attempt to secure increasing interest and participation by the voters in the government which was so offensive to the Republican "bosses" is abandoned. The demand for "social justice" becomes a formless social aspiration, devoid of effective force. Such a demand cannot arouse any interest in a wage-earner who realizes that he and his fellows cannot be "protected" unless they be encouraged to protect themselves by thorough organization. Militant progressivism is converted into a nebulous nationalism which can be made to mean all things to all men. The country is asked to increase its army to 250,000 men, to build the second largest navy in the world, and to adopt universal service without being offered any definition of the objects of national policy for which these huge sacrifices are imposed. It is asked

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to spend at least $300,000,000 more than it is now spending on armament without any consideration of the problem of increased taxation thereby involved. The emphatic plank about the need of a higher protection indicates that the Progressives, like the Republicans, would raise the money by taxing consumption rather than wealth. Thus in practically every respect the platform of 1916 as an expression of political and economic radicalism is a joke.

Now that Mr. Roosevelt has been rejected by the Republicans, the Progressives have no excuse for running him as an independent candidate. They have no issue. The Progressive idea as formulated by Mr. Roosevelt is nearer to Republicanism than it is to Democracy; it can be taken over without being much impaired by Mr. Hughes. To place Mr. Roosevelt in the field as a candidate would be to dilute the opposition to the Democrats without diminishing their strength. As a consequence of revising Progressivism so as to make it acceptable to Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt left himself and his party none but a personal issue with the Republicans; and after his speeches and writings of the past year he must subordinate any personal grievance against the Republicans to the personal issue against Wilson. He has been castigating the Democratic administration as the public enemy. His quarrel, like that of the Republicans, is with Mr. Wilson. He must do all he can to elect a Republican President. The Progressives as a party are involved in the same necessity, but the penalty is more severe. Mr. Roosevelt will survive as a political leader, to whom the Republicans owe much and whose assistance they need. But the Progressive party is dead, and with it must die the present hope of converting a national party into a faithful agent of progressive political and social ideas.

Financial Imperialism

ELSEWHERE in this issue Mr. Frederic C. Howe sets forth the relations that have obtained between investments in backward regions, colonial imperialism and the war-breeding jealousies of the great Powers. Mr. Howe's main thesis, that competition for investment opportunities is at bottom responsible for most of the aggression and international strife that have occurred since 1880, will be disputed by hardly anyone who has made a realistic study of recent history. The questions involved in Mr. Howe's discussion are not of merely academic interest. The United States has for a number of years been on the verge of becoming a capital-exporting nation. The war, with its absorption of all available savings in the older capitalistic countries, has thrust us suddenly into the road of international finance. It is a pertinent inquiry, whither does this road lead? To commercial exploitation, the conquest of colonies, *Realpolitik* and war? This is Mr. Howe's fear, and to obviate the danger, he warns us against acceptance of the principle that the flag protects the property interests of the national investor abroad. If our capitalists choose to invest in regions where property is unsafe, let them carry their own risks. As a nation we will not, like the European nations, employ diplomatic pressure, far less military force, in the defense of such property interests.

It is possible to view the problems of international finance too simply, and hence to arrive at conclusions of only limited validity. What is this pressure of capital toward foreign investments, in the concrete? The actual savings of the people, driven abroad by want of opportunity for investment at home? But the impetus toward imperialistic adventure has manifested itself as strongly in Russia, Japan and Italy, countries whose domestic industry is very inadequately supplied with capital, as in such countries as England, France and Holland, whose capital is in excess. The fact is that the pressure of capital toward foreign investments is a phrase that covers two radically different things. The first is the impulse, common to all trade, to transfer goods from countries where they are cheap to countries where they are dear; to transfer productive funds from low-interest regions to high-interest regions. The second is the impulse to get something for nothing; to seize upon undeveloped opportunities the value of which is not thoroughly understood by an ignorant government, or not sufficiently protected by a corrupt one. This is the same distinction that appears, in domestic affairs, between the desire of the possessor of actual funds to place them at the highest practicable rate of interest, and the desire of the schemer to secure valuable franchises for little or nothing.

Investment of real capital, goods and money funds, makes up the vast bulk of the operations of international finance. The one billion dollars that England annually exported, down to the war, was actual value transferred. Such investments need occasion no international difficulty whatever. In practice they usually assume the form of goods sold on credit, or transfers of gold exchange for the reserves of banks founded to facilitate credit transactions. The country in which such investments are made is the gainer from them. It secures stocks of productive and enjoyment goods which would be out of its reach if all international transactions were placed on a strictly cash basis. The country exporting capital in this form gains benefits that are by no means confined to the capitalist class. The American laborer gains employment, as the

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capitalist gains profit, when we extend our markets in Argentina by establishing credit relations. Such investments are never heard of as intriguing for the overthrow of a government or for imperial intervention. In international politics they are innocuous. In so far as our financial overflow takes this form, we need not be alarmed over its political consequences.

It is the grasping for the big prizes, the concessions and privileges, that has produced international complications in the past and may produce such complications in the future. Just so, grasping for franchises and privileges at home has produced political disorder and corruption. Say that you know of valuable mines or railway possibilities lying unutilized in a backward state. For a price, none too large, you have them granted to you by the current government. You thus become bound to the fortunes of that government, and if it seeks later to cancel your privileges, your hopes lie in revolution. And if this does not prosper, all you have between you and confiscation is the possibility of intervention on the part of the government to which you owe allegiance. Or take another typical case. You find a tottering government, ready to mortgage the national soul for a little cash in hand. You raise the cash, and write a loan with magnitude of principal and rate of interest to suit yourself. The government goes from bad to worse. You are engaged to its support; and if it cannot be kept on its feet, you endeavor to make terms with its successor to validate your claims. That failing, you bawl loudly for intervention.

What is the solution? Mr. Howe implies faith in the possibilities of a return to the international practice before 1870, when governments had not yet adopted the plan of backing the property claims of their nationals. But would not this be analogous to an attempt to solve the domestic franchise question by decreeing all franchises forever invalid? The profit-yielding opportunities would remain, to be seized by those powerful enough and unscrupulous enough to buy themselves local "protection." Loans would still be made to feeble governments, on terms all the more ruinous because of the increased insecurity. Mr. Howe cites the instance of a Moroccan loan. "The Sultan received only part of the loan, and at ruinous rates of interest." Well, there is on record a Honduras loan, made under the shelter of the Monroe Doctrine and prior to the acceptance by any country of the policy of backing up its foreign investors. Of the proceeds of this loan Honduras got nothing at all, and at interest rates more ruinous than the Moroccan.

The evils of colonial exploitation will not disappear because the United States washes its hands of them. We may refuse to recognize the validity of concessions granted to our citizens. This would mean only that we lightened the competition for British, French and German concession hunters; or, if not this, that our concession hunters would operate through London, Paris or Berlin. If we wish really to contribute to the solution of the problem, not merely to create a moral alibi for ourselves, we shall proceed along altogether different lines. We shall not recognize every property claim of our nationals abroad. But we shall recognize claims that are morally valid and stand behind them to the best of our ability. And this means that from the outset we shall scrutinize the terms of all loans to the weaker nations or concessions granted by them, and ruthlessly veto such as violate the rights and prejudice the interests of such nations. Backward states will borrow and grant concessions. We can help to make such loans reasonable and concessions fair.

For despite the bad odor into which concessions have fallen—especially in this hemisphere, where the Monroe Doctrine realizes Mr. Howe's ideal—there is such a thing as a good concession. The mark of a good concession is absence of exclusive profits. A concessionary with no expectation of profit beyond fair compensation for his enterprise and risk, has no funds wherewith to play politics to support or overturn governments. He cannot afford to give preference to national capital in his borrowings; he will get funds where they are cheapest. He cannot afford to discriminate in favor of national industry in the purchase of supplies and equipment. He is therefore not an excitant of international commercial jealousy. To reform the concession is to internationalize its benefits. And nothing short of such a reform will contribute materially to the freeing of the backward states from the danger of loss of independence.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY
PHILIP LITTELL
WALTER E. WEYL
WALTER LIPPMANN
FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

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At the Chicago Conventions

ON the train to Chicago I met one of the most prominent of the Republican managers. He had with him, he said, a clipping from the New York *Evening Post* which set forth what Mr. Roosevelt thought of the Republican party four years ago. The substance of it was that the historic party of Lincoln had become a whited sepulchre inhabited by second-story men. The clipping was hardly needed as a reminder. The delegates had not forgotten. Whoever else may have lost sight of Armageddon, they had not. It was the central impulse of their political religion. They were perfectly willing to stand around in hotel lobbies and let ardent Progressives shout at them that they wanted Teddy. The inflexible sense of those delegates was in the refrain: "This convention will nominate a Republican."

There never was any question about it that the memory of 1912 was the decisive fact at Chicago. The platform might talk about the prestige of America. What the delegates were concerned about was their prestige back home. Four bitter years they had been cursing Mr. Roosevelt in the regular metaphors of politics; he was the "ingrate," the "Benedict Arnold," the man who "had bitten the hand that fed him." The hard, substantial, unimaginative men who had been sent to Chicago had identified the sense of their own self-respect with anti-Rooseveltism. The public opinion to which they were responsive was not that of the "American people" supposed to be calling insistently for Teddy. They answered to their friends in the organization who would have regarded them as soft and gullible fools had they permitted "T. R. to get away with it now." Optimistic Roosevelt workers comforted themselves with the thought that politicians are practical men out to win. They little knew the real character of the so-called practical man. He is not a person who forgets his prejudices and takes the long view of a situation. He is always a man who reacts to his brute memory and his immediate experience.

The practical sense of those delegates was that they had a real prize to offer, and that there was no reason why they should give it to the man who had tried to destroy them. The mass of them had no particular fervor for any candidate. They cared for the party and they wanted a good party man. The real issues of the day played a shadowy rôle in their minds. The orators talked about a crisis, but it was obviously the same old crisis that always exists when the Democrats are in office. So for the first few days the Favorite Sons were allowed a run for their money, or to put it more accurately, they were allowed a run because of their money.

The headquarters of the Favorite Sons were worth visiting. They had the atmosphere of booths at a tawdry world's fair. In front of the Indiana rooms there was an intolerably genial young man who barked at you to come in, seized you if you came within reach, clutched you with a moist hand, and projected you into the cigar smoke with an arm around your shoulder till he had you face to face with Indiana's most attractive offering, Mr. Jim Watson. "Meet Mr. Watson and have a cigar—newspaper man—good. Great story for you boys . . . the delegate from the Philippines has just declared for a merchant marine and Fairbanks . . . always glad to see you." Massachusetts had a red-satin and gold parlor, and before there was time to realize it, Senator John Wingate Weeks had offered a cigar. The would-be President was presiding, a great egg-shaped man. In one corner was a photograph of Weeks as an Annapolis graduate, not yet egg-shaped. On the table was Weeks in a company of naval reserves drilling on Boston Common during the Spanish War, already egg-shaped. The inference was that Weeks had always been for preparedness. He defended the port of Boston, I believe, against Cervera's fleet.

Leaving the battle-scarred veteran, I approached the Roosevelt Republican headquarters. It was a colder and more business-like place. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was shaking hands with Negro delegates. George Ade was talking to George von L. Meyer. The chief office boy was Mr. Satterlee, who sat at a roll-top desk with nothing very much to do. But he had decisions to make. A man brought in a statuette of Roosevelt as a Rough Rider with an American flag in his hand. The base bore the inscription "I am for peace." Inspecting it critically Mr. Satterlee approved the sculpture but changed the inscription. Make it read "peace with honor," he said, and dismissed the artist with the air of a determined executive.

Upstairs in two or three small rooms was Mr. Frank Hitchcock, who owns a card-index and has money enough to travel. No badges, and no cigars and no slogans, but perfect assurance prevailed. Mr. Hitchcock, looking tired and clean, saw us. He asked no favors and made no complaints. The invincible logic of the situation was with him. The Hughes candidacy was unanswerable, and all the clear-sighted people knew it from the start. They

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were not worried about Mr. Hughes's opinions on "Americanism" and "preparedness." They knew that he would not have allowed his name to be used had he disagreed with the general plan of the attack on President Wilson. They knew that when he spoke he would say all that can be said in words about the alleged issues at hand. They knew he was progressive enough to make a progressive campaign against him impossible. They knew Mr. Roosevelt had committed himself so deeply against the President, had thrown overboard so much progressive baggage, had proclaimed the crisis so overwhelmingly that he could not fight the anti-Wilson ticket. They knew that the threat of a third party headed by Mr. Roosevelt was a bluff that would not be made good. They did not yield to the delusion that Mr. Hughes could be scared out of the running, because the fact that he would run must scare out the Roosevelt opposition. They knew that the Hughes nomination would pocket Mr. Roosevelt and eliminate the Progressive party.

To be sure Hughes was not an unmixed delight. But there were politicians in the convention who had learned something from 1912, and the menace of Roosevelt and the Progressives was more vividly in their minds than the stark virtue of Hughes. They did not allow themselves to think too much of 1920. Against this logic and this mood the Roosevelt workers argued ingeniously but helplessly. They pointed out that Hughes was the cruellest boss-killer of them all, that T. R. was always good to the good bosses, and a story spread around that one somewhat pro-Roosevelt boss had said: "The Colonel used to kick me out of the front door every once in a while, but he'd see me now and then at the back door. But this man Hughes won't let me smell the lilacs around the White House." It did not avail. Nothing could have availed with those delegates. They were going to nominate a Republican and no one else.

In the newspapers, in the emotions of the spectators, in the noise of marching and shouting, the Progressives played a big part in Chicago. But in the perspective of fact, in the actual balance of power, they never counted seriously. The Republicans were polite to them, but not profoundly interested in them. They were regarded as a small collection of spoilt children who had no important influence and were neither to be feared nor insulted. Except for the fact that the Hughes nomination was in itself a concession to progressivism, the Republican convention ignored the Progressives. It followed its schedule relentlessly. It conferred when the Progressives asked for a conference. It appointed a committee which was in itself a defiance. The committee listened for hours to the astonishing fact that the Progressives wanted Teddy, and were even willing to compromise on Teddy. Having learned the fact they reported it gravely to the Republicans who had read in the papers that the Progressives wanted Teddy. They followed their schedule with the realistic sense of men who knew that confronted with the *fait accompli* the Progressives would be helpless.

The Republican convention has been described as cold. It was cold because there never was anything to grow hot about. The triumph was so easy that there wasn't anything to gloat over. But the sense of brute power was overwhelming, like that of a great monster with little brain which plodded forward and could not be stopped. It was a most representative crowd, representative of a massive and selfish and cynical demand for place. It was not the "cohorts" of a legendary Wall Street. Articulate Wall Street was demonstrating vainly for Teddy and tepidly for Root. It was the gathering together of distributed privileges, of tariff-protected manufacturers, business lawyers, and pillars of society from all over the union. It was the quintessence of all that is commonplace, machine-made, complacent and arbitrary in American life. To look at it and think of what needs to be done to civilize this nation was to be chilled with despair.

This brutal fact flowered up into flamboyant oratory. I shall not soon forget the nine and a half hours I sat wedged in, listening to the nominating speeches and subsisting on apple pie and loganberry juice—hours of bellow and rant punctuated by screeches and roars. I think there were fifteen nominations plus the seconding orations. It was a nightmare, a witches' dance of idiocy and adult hypocrisy. DuPont for instance, and his wonderful grandfather, and the grand old state of Ohio, and the golden state of Iowa, and the flag, red, white and blue, all its stripes, all its stars, and the flag again a thousand times over, and Americanism till your ears ached, and the slaves and the tariff, and Abraham Lincoln, mauled and dragged about and his name taken in vain and his spirit degraded, prostituted to every insincerity and used as window-dressing for every cheap politician. The incredible sordidness of that convention passes all description. It was a gathering of insanitary callous men, who blasphemed patriotism, made a mockery of Republican government and filled the air with sodden and scheming stupidity. The one note of freedom in those roaring days was during the demonstration for Roosevelt, when the sun suddenly appeared after days of rain. There was enough humanity left to cheer the sun.

To go from the Republican to the Progressive Convention was to find again the open generosity of a better America. The mass of the delegates there were the most warm-hearted crowd I have

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ever seen. But from the first it was evident where their hopelessness lay. In 1912 the cant phrase which dominated them was "service." This year the word was "leadership." They have no creed, none whatever. The passion which had been diffused through their "covenant" had been sucked out and concentrated on Theodore Roosevelt. They clung to him as a woman without occupation or external interests will cling to her husband. They clung so hard that they embarrassed him with their infatuation. They loved too much. They loved without self-respect and without privacy. They adored him as no man in a democracy deserves to be adored. They took a creed from him which subsequent events showed was not their real creed.

They trusted their leaders, but their leaders never trusted them. The delegates never understood what was happening, and it was never fully explained to them. What happened was this: the men who controlled them tried to use the Progressives as a threat and a bluff to force Theodore Roosevelt on the Republicans. I believe that for a few hours they thought the bluff might work. But it was always a transparent bluff, for it was obvious that Roosevelt did not intend to make it good if Hughes were nominated. Everybody seemed to realize the emptiness of the threat except the naïve Progressive delegates.

The first division amongst them was over the question: Should Roosevelt be nominated early so as to make him a real threat? The "conservatives" prevented this; why I do not know. For obviously if the bluff was to have even a tinge of reality it must be made before the balloting at the Republican convention. The real reason, I imagine, was the feeling of men like Mr. Perkins that Mr. Roosevelt should be spared the pain of having made an empty gesture.

By Thursday at least it was plain as day that no matter what the Progressives did, Roosevelt could not be nominated. The problem then was this: Should the Progressive party kill itself, or should Roosevelt be made to bear the onus of killing it? That was all that was left to think about, and on that the "radicals" and "conservatives" divided. The "coterie," as it was called, retained its control and the nomination was delayed. On Saturday morning came the telegram suggesting Senator Lodge. The Progressives were humiliated. On the man to whom they had given their love they turned their anger. Lodge was an unbelievable suggestion, a slap in the face to every Progressive. They were bewildered at the sheer folly of it, unable to understand what had happened to their leader. It was not only a stupid suggestion in a political sense; it seemed to show a temperamental bluntness, as if a class blindness had descended upon him.

They tabled his suggestion with resentment, and then nominated him. The spirit of that nomination was to strike back at Theodore Roosevelt. It was a nomination made in order to make trouble for him. There was no mistaking it, and in that spirit, I think, he understood it. Once they had thrown the burden on him, they felt better. The convention recessed, and the leaders had about two hours for telephone communication with Oyster Bay in order to devise an answer. In the meantime Hughes had been nominated.

When the convention gathered at about three o'clock the answer was known to most of us in the press section and on the platform. The delegates did not know. They were held in suspense, teased along, a Vice-President was nominated, campaign contributions were solicited, and everything was done to make it look as if there would be a campaign. There are three explanations of this tragic farce. One is that the radicals were in control and determined to make the inevitable refusal more uncomfortable. Another is that they intended to go it without Roosevelt. The third is that they were pulled along gently to the reading of the telegram and the hurried adjournment to prevent a smash.

As it became evident from hints thrown out and from the general evasiveness of the men on the platform that the Progressive party was lost, a very curious and a very significant thing happened. The aggressively nationalistic and military tone, the Bismarckian creed which the party had taken from its leader began to disappear, and the old cries for social justice and popular rule were heard again. Hiram Johnson mentioned the interests of children, and it sounded strange. John Parker, the most poignant figure at the convention, begged them not to destroy a party which offered the only hope to liberal southerners. In the last hours there was a momentary flare of the real soul of the party. When the end came, there were tears and anger and a bitterness at the cold brutality of it all. Mr. Roosevelt had been nominated defiantly. He declined skilfully but without a note of comradeship for the men and women who had adored him. There was a great destruction of faith, and to my mind an unnecessary and inhuman treatment of a very human and trusting band. It was unnecessary to fool them, it was unnecessary to make an empty bluff, it was unnecessary to use them, it was unnecessary to be uncandid with them. Unnecessary, because even by the coldest calculation, the men who used the Progressives were poor politicians who should have known from the very start that Theodore Roosevelt would not be nominated by the Republicans.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

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El Paso

EL PASO is the typical American oasis. North, south, east, west, there is nothing but baked table lands and ashen-gray, camel-humped hills, with not a fleck of green in the landscape except on the narrow borders of the Rio Grande. Into such a desert as this Sarah might have sent Hagar forth to die, and the tribes of Ishmael would never have appeared. Among such hills sin-smitten penitents might have found lairs in which to brood out gifts of prophecy or madness, to strike awe into the sleek folk of the oasis. Sleek are the El Pasoans, but not sleepy after the manner of the dwellers in Old-World oases, where low trees interlocked their branches, bearing all manner of flowers and fruits to make glad the heart of man. In this American oasis of ours there are few trees, and these barren drinkers of dear water. But real-estate values spring up and flourish prodigiously, to make the heart of man gladder.

Ascend one of the little ash-colored hills, and all El Paso spreads out before you. The spot where you stand is therefore a scenic villa site; inquire its price and you will feel greatly elevated. But for the present standing is free and you may print on your memory a substantially built town which might well have been brought down in sections from the Middle West. A group of office buildings and hotels, just like those of Kansas City; apartment houses like those of Indianapolis; expensive suburban houses like those in the outskirts of any prosperous middle-western city; miles of bungalows and solid cottages along glistening bitulithic streets. Pressed brick, mostly red, is the favorite construction material, and the angles of the walls, hard and true, cut your eyes in the glaring light. Except for the adobe blocks in the lower town, rather pleasing in the distance, El Paso has made no architectural concessions whatever to its great excess of light and heat. There are no thick walls, deep porticos, jungle-like gardens. In those sunlit apartments and bungalows you ought to wear green goggles over the breakfast table. In time El Paso may have an architecture adapted to its air, but for the present, no doubt, any attempt at adaptation would hurt business. El Paso wants to attract "the right people," and the right people, in America, are not those who are moved by sentimental aestheticism but those who demand evidence of standardized push and progress.

Progressiveness and push El Paso has in abundance. Another city, with its market territory shot to pieces by revolution, would have fallen flat. El Paso has succeeded in developing new territory, to the north and west, and has known how to turn many an honest penny—and some not so honest—in its dealings with the endless stream of refugees. It is prospering as it never prospered before the revolution. But you would naturally expect buoyancy in such a body of business men as you see in the El Paso offices. They are mostly still young, with their fortunes to make, but yet in sight. They are big, blond, alert, more typically Anglo-Saxon than business men further inland. And their wives and daughters look flamboyantly white and feminine, perhaps in contrast to the little, hard, bronze-colored Mexicans who make up over half the population of the city, and five-sixths of the population visible on the streets.

There is something very disquieting about this sombre population, distributed for your inspection along all the sidewalks, and in the dark mouths of the adobe hovels. They speak to one another very little, they laugh scarcely at all. Most of them are ragged and dirty; crooked bodies and misshapen heads are strikingly common. Especially the men are a sorry lot. They walk with the dejected swagger of men who are bullies at home and shirks abroad. The women carry themselves better, they stand straighter under their heavier burdens, perhaps because the oppression of their lords—said to be monstrous—is theirs by choice. The very young men are often erect and alert, the very young women sometimes flaming-eyed, defiant. And the children are like children the world over, frisky, mischievous, except when they are rickety and anaemic, as appears to be frequently the case. Most El Pasoans say that the race is hopelessly inferior to the white in every respect. It may be so, but you will observe among the Mexicans of every type, light and dark, short-headed and round-headed, some remarkably fine specimens, like the trees that shoot up by the water courses in an arid country. The Mexicans of El Paso bear every evidence of malnutrition and neglect, and you conclude that you will reserve judgment on the race until you have consulted men who have studied the Mexican from childhood under reasonably favorable conditions. What does our own race produce in the slums and the barren mountain valleys?

Observe a group of these Mexicans as they crowd around a native Salvation Army lassie, very dark, slight, straight, her profile and head dress quite Greek, her eyes sombre under straight black brows, her lips full, with a rather disdainful curve.

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Her Spanish, which you do not understand, flows evenly, monotonously with ominous pauses, attended by spasmodic claspings of a red-bound bible. Of the auditors some knot their brows, some drop their jaws, more sneer, for all the world like a New York Salvation Army group. And as you survey them absent-mindedly, the illusion of close resemblances comes upon you; this one is just like your friend S. somewhat blackened and dwarfed; this one is your melancholy friend H., his lip cut and teeth rearranged by a brutal blow; this is Mrs. R., her soul eroded by still more vitriolic gossip. Terrifyingly human these Mexicans seem. Multiply the sufferings of any American group by six-fold and cut their powers of resistance in half: they would look just like these people, except for a slight difference in color. But now the Salvation Army lassie is at an end with her exhortations. Preparations seem to be making for a collection and the crowd falls away. Those who had seemed most moved turn as if for succor to those who had sneered, just as they do in New York.

The El Paso Mexicans do not love us, so everyone in El Paso assures you. Why should they? We thrust upon them our conviction that they are an utterly inferior race. "Oh, the Negro is infinitely superior"; and this quotation is from an old southerner. El Paso allows them to vote—even to turn the elections—and gives them a monopoly of day labor on the streets and most private outdoor labor under the broiling sun. But it's precious little the Mexicans get out of El Paso by title of common humanity. Small pay for hard work, and when they come to spend their earnings, they need to look sharply if they are not to be short-changed. El Paso houses them in adobe hovels, dark, reeking, infected, too mean for any animal but man. And adobe property is said to yield very good rentals.

If the Mexicans do not love El Paso, still less does El Paso love the Mexicans. They are stubborn and suspicious; of this you are given abundant illustration. They will not accept our ways of work. "If you want a Mexican to do a job, first tell him, then show him, and finally do it yourself." If at any time you need them especially, they are gone to celebrate a feast. They will not learn English, and force their employers to learn Spanish—and heavens, how we hate to learn a foreign tongue! Indulge in generosity toward them, and their attitude is that of a hungry rat toward what he knows to be bait. He'll take it if he can without springing the trap; if he succeeds, the transaction is closed.

Of course the upper-class Mexican is excluded from consideration in this summary. He is much in evidence in El Paso, and appears simply as an unusually well bred gentleman, with a weakness for rhetoric. He is said to be almost purely Spanish, but the variety he presents in complexion and shape of head casts doubt upon the assertion. You are left to ponder whether this fine type of man might not be exceedingly common in Mexico if the conditions of life were more favorable. El Pasoans say that the supposition is absurd, but frontiers between races never have been good soil for sympathetic understanding.

There appear to be two opinions in El Paso on intervention in Mexico. The one is that we ought to intervene, and that intervention will be a good thing for us and for Mexico. El Paso, remember, has extensive business interests in Mexico. The other opinion is that while we ought to intervene, intervention is a disagreeable necessity. Of course there must be El Pasoans who believe that Mexico should be left to work out her own salvation or damnation. But they are hard to find.

And if the capital were nearer El Paso, it might find more reason in El Paso's view. The Mexican population, as you see it in El Paso and in Juarez, does not look like one that will quickly generate the principles of order. A miracle might produce a man in whom all these thwarted personalities would have full faith, but miracles do not occur on schedule time, and this is a business age, eager to hear the humming of drills in the Mexican mountains. Besides, it was in El Paso that outrages against Americans were first reported and most keenly felt. From El Paso the victims of Santa Ysobel set out, and to El Paso the mutilated remains were so promptly returned.

Then, too, El Paso is not exactly easy on its own account. The Americans are outnumbered by the Mexicans, and while these are outwardly peaceable, and to a certain extent refugees from the violence beyond the Rio Grande, who knows how many are Villas and Pablo Lopenzes in their hearts? Those Carranzista soldiers lounging about Juarez, some of them Yaqui Indians with pigtails hanging over their shabby blouses, moccasins on their feet, high-powered rifles on their shoulders, are not exactly reassuring. Ugly rumors of attempts at poisoning the city water, of conspiracies to kill and burn, naturally float about incessantly. Not that El Paso is panicky—outside of press circles. It is well armed and well guarded, and proceeds to kite real estate values and to break ground for new buildings with an assurance hardly to be matched by another American city. But all this activity is premised on the assumption that order is soon to be restored in Mexico. Another four years like the last, and the relations of the races on the border would become intolerable.

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Mothers and Sons

IT was mustering day in Büdingen for the class of '21, boys of eighteen. In the darkness of early morning I had been awakened by the glee singing of a company of nineteen-year boys marching to the station to entrain for Freiburg. They sang the new Argonne song, which had been made as innumerable other songs are being made at the front, carrying it back again to France to their fathers and brothers. It sounded confused at first, mixed with the heavy thud of marching, but with sad pertinence came distinctly:

> Bei diesem Sturm viel Blut auch floss,
> Manch' junges Leben hat's gekost.
>
> At this charge much blood flowed,
> Many young lives it cost. . . .

Something else followed with "Deutsche" and "halten stand" in it, and then the young voices swept out clearly:

> Für das geliebte teuere Vaterland!

From the distance, as they were probably passing through the exquisite little gate of the old fortress wall, came still clearly, the last stanza of the new ballad:

> Argonnerwald, Argonnerwald,
> Ein stiller Friedhof wirst du bald,
> In deiner kühlen Erde ruht
> So manches tapferes soldaten Blut!
>
> Woods of Argonne, woods of Argonne,
> A silent graveyard you'll be soon,
> In your cool earth there rests
> So much courageous soldier blood!

Two hours later I was awakened again by a second company, singing perhaps the most popular song in this locality to-day—that big, pausing, tragic "Lied":

> Was macht der Sohn die Mutter viele Sorge!
> Sohn, Sohn, vergiss die Mutter nicht!
>
> What sorrow sons give to their mothers!
> Son, son, do not forget your mother!

As I sat at the table by the four small windows that looked out on the old Stadt, with the lovely little angle-shop of the whip-handler opposite, and a few doors to one side the dainty white room of the broom-maker, boys came by in twos and threes, and in larger groups, singing in the earnest, straightforward fashion of soldiers marching. From the distance they sounded like whole companies approaching, for two German boys with their inborn instinct for chorus singing will harmonize a song to make it rise like a "Mænnerchor."

The singing made me restless, and I became dissatisfied with making notes on other notes written on the margins of a catalogue of the New Pinakothek of Munich, just as weariness of all the thought, the talk, the pain of this war state had sent me to Picasso and Julius Diez, to Weisgerber and Franz Marc, and the closed region where only ideas clash for a progressive purpose. For there men fight only the dulness of tradition and the confusion of their own plans, and if a man's mind is not able to help him, his fists cannot save him. A few days before the papers had accounts of Marc's death, and Weisgerber had gone before. . . . I took my hat and stick and went out, round the bend of the old street into an older street, across one end of the rectangular market-place and to the Rathaus, from which boys were coming out in groups. Once outside, some helped each other sling round their shoulders the blue ribbons with one word printed upon them, *Infanterie*; others bought white bunchy badges and metal buttons from the old peddler who came to all the mustering days. Most of the boys loafed away from the Rathaus concerned with getting the ribbons even and flat across their coats, and then, gripping their sticks a little firmer and coming closer to each other, set off stiffer and smarter, singing about the maiden who should not weep but dry her eyes with sandpaper. And then suddenly, three hulking peasant boys began again the song which they have never parodied:

> Was macht der Sohn die Mutter viele Sorge!
> Sohn, Sohn, vergiss die Mutter nicht!

The boys go gladly it seems, but I have never forgotten the tone in which one soldier said of another who had been convivially entertaining the occupants of a Vienna street car: "He can laugh—he's never been out!" For every boy who goes I suppose there is a woman who does not sleep that night, or the next. I was not at the station when the two companies left that morning; except for their singing I should never have known that two companies had gone, but I know just how it looked. In time you begin to know something about the origin of these new and old songs. Once at Temesvar, Hungary, where our train stopped long enough for three of us to go out for coffee and chocolate, and quite long enough for one of us to get into difficulties with a suspicious guard, we came back as a half-dozen landsturm reserves were getting into a military train. A little distance to one side five women, all but one carrying babies, and all of them holding small children against their skirts, sobbed and moaned. As the train started they broke into a high, piercing wail. One of the men ran from the train and picked up a little boy and kissed him, and dashed back to the coach where the others held the door open. The women ran alongside for the whole length of the station grounds, holding out the babies to the men, who leaned far out of the windows, while the children holding on to their mothers' skirts shrieked with

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mimic terror. Nine thousand men left Frankfort for the front one afternoon, and the agony of that parting is a harrowing memory. Yet somehow that time had not touched the deepest significance of the song which the old men and younger men alike had been singing from the Danish frontier to Bagdad. For they had been men with wives as well as mothers, while these boys who were leaving the Rathaus smoothing the gold-lettered blue ribbons were boys with no woman but one.

I stood round the Rathaus for some time, thinking of all the partings in Europe I had intruded upon, and feeling that none had impressed me so much as the one I was witnessing. Still it was really no parting at all, for they would not leave until they had been well drilled, then they would be first sent to some garrison for their period of "Garnisonsdienst," and only then. . . .

I turned and walked away, for it is embarrassing to stand around Rathäuser on mustering day, if one does not have to muster. The boys themselves make no remarks; no one looks at you sharply, for they are satisfied that if you were required to go you would not be walking about watching others muster. But it is something within you that embarrasses; you feel ashamed of your presence, coming to look on danger as on a play. To go into the Rathaus is "ausgeschlossen," the greatest secrecy is preserved about the information and instructions given in there.

When I reached the magnificent old patrician "Stone House" at the end of the street, where the coachman and other servants of the local Prince now live, I turned and looked at the Rathaus and the malicious mockery of the great waiting stork's nest balanced on the wobbly and high-pitched roof. Boys were still coming out the narrow alley that led to the side entrance of the Rathaus. I struck across a little open space to a tiny bridge over the millstream. Three boys with ribbons and buttons came by, whistling our syncopated perversion of the "Spring Song." It startled me as much as a German sentry standing guard on Fifth Avenue might have. In a famous angle beside another narrow bridge a dozen yards beyond, a man was standing and sketching, noting the points and dashes and the softened mediaeval quality of the towers, the diminutive old slaughter-house built prettily into the wall beside the stream, roofs, pinnacles, bow-windows, and the erratic steeple of the court house. I went along the moat, with its heavy green turf, and past the perfect little main gate through which the boys had marched that morning. Up hill the way still led beside the moat, which was now an orchard, to another corner tower that was now the electrical central. A high level road ran to the right here, even with the top of the wall; at the end I went into a path up the loveliest hillside of this region of heights unrivaled for mild, quiet beauty.

It was all so still. No rattle of wagons anywhere now; no sound of spades ringing against stones. I heard a faint scratching noise, and looked up. An old woman was bending over something in the steep field above. A cock call from here or there, the morning whistle of a March bird, the rapid call of high crows, the rustle of bare bushes or old leaves. The sun came unevenly through a haze. When the haze was too thick it was March, chilly and uncompromising, when the sun broke through it was April, warm and promising, and the earth smelled good. A hawk pivoted smoothly above. Round a corner I suddenly saw two women coming towards me. It was one of the four Princesses with an elderly companion. The husband of the Princess had been killed in action early in the war. She was very tall, like one of the pre-Raphaelites' women, with just an intensifying touch of something plain and commonplace to make her features quite fascinating. She looked like Guinevere in modern mourning, with her drooping veil and splendid long diamond ear-rings, that struck out in the name of life and light from the shade beneath her hat and veil.

I sat on a rustic bench backed against the embankment of the overhead fields. There is nothing comparable to the deep quiet of these orderly peasant lands in Europe now. An old man, a very old man came by carrying a long spade on his shoulder and dragging two heavy pieces of wood after him. A younger man in a green forester's hat abruptly dropped to the path twenty feet below me, from the top of the embankment. When I no longer heard the decisive beat of his footsteps, the soft spring quiet lay more quietly on the hills.

The miracle is that all these fields are tilled, all the fences and walls and paths repaired, and the trees tidy. The women and children work as men once worked; the men on furlough work into the night by poor lamp and fire light; but the boys now down in the toy city, marching gaily round in jubilant groups singing songs, have done most of the work. Next spring they will be gone, and there will have been other musterings. The people here say that in France the seventeen-year old boys have been called out. In the surpassing quiet it seemed that from the pretty castle, now partly a hospital, and from the enticing tangle of the old streets the song that has never been parodied was being sung again—this time to that most fecund mother of all, the thawing spring earth:

Was macht der Sohn die Mutter viele Sorge!
Sohn, Sohn, vergiss die Mutter nicht!

FERDINAND REYHER.

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The Flag and the Investor

THE doctrine that the sovereignty of a nation extends to and protects the loans, concessions, property and privileges of its subjects in weak and dependent countries is so inwoven with the Mexican situation, it is so largely responsible for the apprehensions of the Mexican and Latin-American peoples, and is so closely related to the activities of overseas financing and the demand for a powerful navy, that the meaning of the doctrine and the consequences which have flowed from it seem to warrant a recital.

The doctrine had its origin about sixty years ago. It began to be applied in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Largely as a result of it, over 100,000,000 people have fallen under the dominion of Great Britain, France and Germany, while thousands of persons have been killed and thousands more reduced to virtual slavery. More than that, it is my belief that the real causes of the present European war are to be found in the colossal conflict of interests between the financial and trading classes of the warring powers. That this is not the apparent cause I admit. But if the diplomatic controversies of the last twenty years are carefully studied and the effect upon the mind of warring Europe is analyzed, it will be seen that back of other forces dragging Europe into war was the struggle for overseas possessions, and especially the conflict which raged about the control of the weaker states bordering on the Mediterranean. In this conflict the interests of the financial and governing classes were so identified with their governments that private struggles became the conflicts of the nation itself.

The movement for overseas investments began about 1880. It had its origin in surplus wealth seeking investment. This surplus wealth could be invested at home only at low rates of interest. It reached out to foreign lands. The annual investments of Great Britain alone in foreign countries amount to about $1,000,000,000; while the total foreign investments of that country are estimated at $20,000,000,000. The foreign investments of France are estimated at $8,000,000,000, and of Germany at $5,000,000,000.

Financial imperialism began with the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by Disraeli in 1875, and the heavy investments made by Great Britain in Egypt. Loans were made to the Khedive upon ruinous terms. It has been stated that loans of $410,000,000 netted the treasury only $105,000,000, while the other $300,000,000 was kept as commissions or as security for the loans of the bankers. European contractors overcharged the Khedive from 80 per cent to 400 per cent on contracts; while creditors sometimes got as much as 25 per cent on loans. The interest on the debt became insecure, and in 1882 Alexandria was bombarded by the British fleet and the country occupied.

France was crowded out of Egypt by England. She diverted her ambitions to northwest Africa. She expanded from Algeria into Tunis. Loans were made in that country. Bankruptcy followed, and France occupied the country. The same process was repeated in Morocco on a much larger scale. In six years' time the indebtedness of the Sultan was increased from $4,000,000 to $32,000,000. The Sultan received only part of the loan, and at ruinous rates of interest. The custom houses were passed over to the financiers as a means of meeting the interest charges. Foreign concessionaires building a railroad violated a cemetery. The natives protested. This and other disturbances were magnified into a dangerous revolt. The French press, controlled by the Bank of Morocco, swept the country on to occupation. The political integrity of Morocco had been guaranteed by all of the Powers, and occupation by France aroused the protest of Germany. This nearly led to war in 1911; for Germany had valuable claims and concessions in Morocco, which were protected by the convention of the Powers.

It was not until late in the century that German capital began to seek out foreign concessions. Up to this time Germany needed all her capital at home. She turned to Turkey as the only unexploited field. The Deutsche Bank was the pioneer. It secured valuable concessions for railroads, mines, harbors, docks, and trading possessions. The German banks earned $25,000,000 in commissions in building the first sections of the Bagdad Railway, and saved $45,000,000 additional in the cost of construction. All of these were charged to the Turkish government, however. The Kaiser followed the banks, and the Kaiser was followed by his most skilful diplomats, and later by his armies. The building of the Bagdad Railway led to endless international controversies; England, France and Russia combined in an effort to wrest control of the railway from Germany. In this the allied Powers failed. But they did prevent the completion of the railway. This was a serious blow to German financiers, railway builders and concession hunters.

According to President David Starr Jordan, the

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Italian war against Tripoli had its motives in the speculations of the Bank of Rome. In the Balkan War, President Jordan says: "The final victory rested with the French bankers who furnished the war funds"; while Turkey in Asia "is dominated by the Deutsche Bank, that nation within a nation which replaced the Sultan as master of the rest of his domain, and which drains for itself the riches of the land, exhausting not the working class alone but the whole nation, which is dying from its operations."

Financial imperialism negotiated the six-Power loan to China. China wanted to borrow $30,000,000. But the banks in each of the lending powers formed an agreement against China, and finally loaned her $125,000,000, but on condition that the administration of her revenues be placed under the control of foreign advisers. China protested, and President Wilson vetoed the participation of United States bankers in the six-Power loan. He said that it was an attack on the sovereignty of China and should not have the sanction of our Government. This, to my mind, was one of the great acts of his administration.

Financial imperialism played a prominent part in the strangling of Persia and in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars. Surplus wealth seeking land and mines, oil wells and the richest portions of Mexico finally brought on revolution in that country, and these interests are actively engaged in bringing about intervention at the present time for the purpose of protecting their claims. Professor John A. Hobson, the English economist, says of recent wars: "Adventure, lust for gold, etc., are the fires in the engine of war, but the great financial interests direct the engine."

In thirty years' time practically the whole of Africa, Persia and Asia Minor have fallen under the domination of England, France and Germany as the result of the struggle of financiers for spheres of influence and opportunities for exploitation. The struggle has centered about the Mediterranean. The liberties of weak and defenseless peoples have been lost, and the Powers of Europe have come into conflict as a result of the claims and ambitions of the financial classes of these countries, which are closely identified with the government.

But this is not all. Navalism is a product of the doctrine that the flag follows the investor. Naval preparedness on a large scale began with overseas investments. The expenditures for the British navy leaped from $71,000,000 in 1893 to $200,000,000 in 1911; while the expenditures of Germany during the same period increased from $20,000,000 to $90,000,000. Our own naval appropriations were increased from $20,000,000 in 1890 to $140,000,000 in 1914. The colossal burdens of armaments are largely the result of the demand of the investing and ruling classes, who have identified their private interests with those of the state.

It is urged by many that financial aid must be extended to weaker peoples in order that they may be developed. But an examination of the unhappy experiences of weaker countries shows that there is scarcely an instance—outside the countries protected by the Monroe Doctrine—in which the borrowing countries have not lost their independence as the price of financial assistance. All of Africa, both north and south, has passed under European control. Persia, Asia Minor and Turkey have been parcelled out among the great Powers. China has been subjected to spheres for foreign influence. And it is probable that the weaker countries are familiar with what has happened. It is probable, too, that they are not clamoring for the kind of financial assistance that leads to the loss of independence, the slaughter of their people, and often, as in South Africa and Mexico, their reduction to peonage in the mines and on the plantations.

And now in the United States financial imperialism is being insisted upon by the same class that drove England, France and Germany into conflict. There is a clamor for dollar diplomacy; for a great navy to protect overseas investments. Imperialism had its origin with the appearance of surplus wealth in the eighties, and now, a generation later, with the appropriation of the natural resources of America, surplus wealth in this country is reaching out for opportunities which for the time being the older nations of Europe are not in a position to exploit.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

Henry James the Builder

MUCH has been said about the subtlety, stylistic and psychological, of Henry James, and, according to individual bent, these features are attacked or appreciated. But less is heard of his creative and concrete vision in the large. Yet he may be viewed as primarily the architect of new domains, as the builder of two ideal cities. One of these is the concentrated essence of a glorified Europe and the other houses and celebrates the artistic life.

The first city is before anything else a place which groups within its borders all the spoils and monuments of civilization. The architect juxtaposes gray cathedrals and grim prisons, triumphal arches, *Kursaals* or abbeys that are like abandoned arks, and great white exhibition buildings containing white images of beauty. You may find perfumed or haggard streets, grimacing boulevards passing into dusky byways that are true galleries of art.

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Here embankments a-glitter with imperial splendor, and yonder warm brown corners where wild fig-trees grow.

There are dwellings of all kinds, massive or elegant, portentous or gay, houses Jacobean, Renaissance or composite; a chateau, a free-hold mansion, the halls of a great theatre; cages that hold industrial slaves; cosy bars, country inns, picturesque taverns with mahogany-panelled coffee rooms. Suddenly you find a leafy bower, a peacock on a terrace, arrowy gondolas on lagoons or a deserted palace still cherishing the white-bosomed dames of Lely—"dear dead women." For the name of the city is Cosmopolis and its conquests reach unto the flaming walls of the world.

They widen out to include inestimable landscapes: the noble friendliness of a country spring, with blooming hedgerows and billowy hills, restless clouds and russet villages, a goose-green, a churchyard of yews and rooks. That would be steeped in a mild moist light charged with reminiscence; it is English rather than French; but another scene of pronounced verdure against red roofs would live in a clear light of sociable directness; while yellow fogs would yield to ardent suns, and under the moon you might see dark *palazzi* loom like battleships and loggias strewn with sculptured demi-gods agleaming.

Among the varied "notes" offered by Cosmopolis were forest glades dappled with light and cushioned stoops from which young people exchanged pleasantries. More beautifully, there were gardens of all ages and climes; there were serpentine streams, yellow swirling rivers, and lakes of still reflections and lakes of fear and lakes that were jewelled with fantastic islands and crowned with flushed snowy summits. Then a park of cavalcades or plebeian riot, clustering gables, the battered fronts and dreaming spires of colleges; afternoon tea on tranquil lawns, low dusky aged rooms alternating with large bright salons, antiquarian excavations, boudoir-cells of art. The city is at once a "great gray Babylon" and a *ville-lumière*. Its far-flung arms enfold twin-towered Notre Dame and Westminster, the Coliseum and ocean liners, even Washington Square, Mount Vernon and outposts in the West. The name of the city is Cosmopolis and its builder is Henry James.

Within its many mansions there are precious and peculiar objects, ancestral "spoils" bitterly divided, and the loot of empires. There are collections of snuff boxes, of Italian majolicas, of curtains and crucifixes. A golden bowl, unfortunately cracked, decrees and symbolizes the doom of a family. You may find throughout the city gorgeous brocades, old Venetian chairs, irregular Bohemian objects, finely tooled bindings, even "salmon-colored periodicals," to give the French note. At one moment you are fingering old Spanish altar-lace, at the next you are pushing aside a formidable leather curtain which yields entrance to the incense-laden dusk and the "tesselated acres" of some historic church. These are not merely the playthings of a master builder. They continue the tradition of *his* master—Balzac—that for the seeing eye, the world consists of "men, women, and things." In all three categories, the persistent desire is for fineness of effect. Cosmopolis is a museum, but it is also alive with figures of a choice nobility. The architect invited the best he knew and gave them the freedom of the city.

Who is finer than that imaginative and bounteous lady who leaves America to bestow her generous dreams upon Cosmopolis? Madame de Mauves is worthy to be her sister. Either heroine embodies the essential moral of the artist—the dream may prove false, but it must be dreamed; the European scene may prove illusory, but it should be travelled through with discernment. If there are diatribes against unaware and negative Americans, there is only compassion and admiration for those fair adventurers who find in their husbands and lords less romance and *noblesse oblige* than expected.

For it was always romance, nobility and fineness that the authentic visitors sought in Cosmopolis. When the architect was still young, he saw his generation yearning across the chasm—and he helped them over. Deserting the cold realms of "business," artistic youths like Roderick Hudson, or angular spinsters of angular talk dreamed of the consecrated voyage and undertook "Europe." The later generation, typified by keen observers and "ambassadors," know that there exists in the charmed city a rareness and a sweetness that can atone for anything. Weary failures, hungry pilgrims, makers of madonnas, discover there a witching future or an equally witching past.

It is especially the glory of tradition that shines on the city and that lures the voyagers from their barer shores. The light that never was floods the home that Clement Searle can never have. A storied "birthplace" is made the test of poetic appreciation on the part of its guardians. Families firmly transmit their sense of solidarity, their vagrant views of love, their reliance on the conventual refuge. The lapses of a prince are excused through the accumulated momentum of a spendthrift race, addicted to *virtu*. A child of the streets swears vengeance against the social order only to fall in love with the charms that he would slay.

The flower of life appears in the friendship of a Valentine, the easy perfection of a Chadwick, even the dangerous beauty of a Christina. Such Olympians are not without their flaws, but each in one direction is supreme. Courage and good humor, "bravery" of appearance is worn like a plume. It

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is worn by the superbly hard Charlotte Stant as by another girl who is daintily elaborated and finished with old enamel. Even the children are Olympian in their uncanny charm and knowledge, the pathos, the perfection, the impossibility of their speech and conduct.

These individuals often appear best in the gracious contacts of their rounded surfaces. What more exquisite than the relations of Ralph and his cousin, of Verver and his daughter? The gentle elfin touch of Hyacinth subdues to his image his promiscuous friends, and Mr. Longdon falls beautifully in love with the girl so like her beloved grandmother. There is a sacred fount, typifying the soul-force that ebbs and flows in great passions. There is the golden bowl that bears superbly racing figures: first Charlotte surpasses, then Maggie, then her father—and they are all shown as "wonderful" at the end.

Frequently one feels a fineness of communication—a delicate pressure, a long look that supersedes pressure, the contact of "charming eyes," a slow golden word, "Wait!" or "Find out." Most often there is the elaborate play of perception and wit, a style of bristling undergrowths, a language which is the flower of many tongues.

The best figures are poised at unforgettable moments above some high splendor of scenery and decoration. A clever statesman once gave the counsel that when possible you should love your love in a palace. With the architect of Cosmopolis all fusions of beauty are possible. He poses for you Charlotte Stant, a winged Victory on a staircase at an ambassadorial reception. He flashes for you a young gentlewoman riding in a glade. It is infinitely appropriate that Roderick should meet Christina in the Coliseum by moonlight and that Newman should find the French girl in the heart of the Louvre. The landscape may give out the high note of the summit of opportunity, as "Glos'ter" on a golden morning; or it may hint of heavy deeds, as do the hushed lakes and turrets that witness the fearful turn of the screw.

On the largest scale, setting and figures are appropriately interwoven. So the whole city furnishes a vivid background for the plain American observer; so London breeds and envelops Millicent and Hyacinth; and the spring *salon* enfolds even English visitors as a "successful plastic fact."

There remain with us compelling visions of great scenes. Who can forget Isabel weeping by her cousin's deathbed or the afternoon at Gloriani's studio, whose festive beauty but awaits the entrance of two delicate heroines? Memorable is the sight of Charlotte tracing down Maggie like a tigress, out from the glittering drawing-room, across the dark meadows of Fawns; and more unforgettable is the talk of Dormer and Nash along the river of many reflections and under the shadow of Notre Dame. It was art that they talked about, as often. For the lord of this realm sees it as containing above all "*representational* values."

Therefore he built another city and called its name Ars Longa.

It is a fascinating idea that out of the materials of art itself, the lives and ideals of its votaries, the artist may erect a compact *cité,* rivalling though embedded in the huge Cosmopolis. It was said of old that there were two worlds, the world of nature created by God, the world of poetry created by Virgil. How many moderns have striven to live, love and produce solely in this inner city! Is it the baseless fabric of a vision, a fictive *turris eburnea?*

Henry James thought it possible to write in such a place, perhaps to live in it. Among all the imagiers of *Doppelgänger,* all those who exploit themselves in their brothers of the book and brush, his case is the most impressive and convincing. He really sees the upper life of Cosmopolis as having "existed primarily in art or literature," he really views these finer products as making for an ideality, a unity (and how he struggles for that!) which life has not. Taste is then "a blessed comprehensive name for many of the things deepest in us." We feel the creator's sympathy with his great collector, who can place objects of art more readily than objects in life, and with Peter Sherringham, who is fonder of representation than of the real thing.

Ars Longa, in its self-depiction, must be idealized. Do impossibly "beautiful authors" stroll on its terraces? Do they dine out in impossibly refined society? The architect boldly answers: "And why not? If they don't yet exist, so much the worse for humanity. I will at least foreshadow them." You must create better than you see, especially as society grows increasingly vulgar. And so the scent and savor of enduring art is pitted against the claptrap of our day, and time after time we follow the revolts, the snares, the concentrations of the aspiring Samurai.

Revolt first. One *citoyen* turns from politics to painting, because he can see the former only as marking time and as abasing words. A master teaches the lesson of how the truly elect should withstand social complications and marriage. We are cautioned always about the price to pay, the devotion needed to remain within the gates of Ars Longa. The tragic muse herself quickly develops and triumphs because of her gifts, certainly, but also because of her single-minded ardor.

Another citizen, Roderick, was a great failure; his was the case of the sculptor who is keyed to the highest and dashed to the depths because his beautiful love will not answer his necessary dreams.

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There are still failures, for not all can abide in the rare atmosphere of the city. A man of taste, but of a small nature shrinks to the size of a "faded rosebud," and an artist who is only a *poseur* is condemned by the clear perceptions of his family. Amusingly, fantastically, a certain dilettante fades away to nothingness, when a painter tries to set his true image on canvas.

But the rightful denizens of the city not only attain their reward. As a last enhancement, they speak a splendid language. They are crowned—as are the turrets and casements amid which they wander—they are crowned, they are jewelled with princely metaphors. One woman is remembered as a slim antique, with "the blurred absent eyes, the smoothed, elegant, nameless head, the impersonal flit of a creature lost in an alien age." Another suggests a blooming, smiling, fragrant prairie. Italy appears as a duskily draped wooer, serenading with a mandolin, and Florence is the "sole perfect lady of them all."

As the architect grew older, he rose ever nearer the pure serene of beauty. He imaged a great cathedral swimming through the night, using its flying buttresses as oars. He saw strange experiences as resembling "a wild Eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colors in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a-thrill . . . but turning off short and plunging into other defiles." Or he wove smaller garlands, with a deft casual touch: the "hived tenderness" of Maggie's heart, huge Norman pillars towering "like the ghosts of heroes," and the beauty of Julia Dallow, with "her hair like the depths of darkness, her eyes like its earlier clearing, her mouth like a rare pink flower."

The dome of Ars Longa, the pride and center of the citadel, remains imperial and shining. Its aisles are thronged with votaries, its incense burns, its great pictures are like windows opening to the soul, its hard-hammered vessels recall the art of Cellini and its misty saints' figures the glamour and aspiration of the Gothic. For these citizens, even more intensely than those of Cosmopolis at large, are moulded to their hearts' desire of a persistent "fineness" and they bear witness to a joint endeavor, to the sense that "all art is one."

As the architect lay dying slowly in the London square, what vision could have greeted him beyond the darkening pane? He saw his two cities now smoking in their ruins, art and international understanding given over to the primitive rages. But he must have seen beyond that. And for this world he scarcely saw the probability of anything finer than the exquisite domains with which he endowed it.

E. Preston Dargan.

CORRESPONDENCE

An Unusual Naval Opportunity

SIR: The Naval Training Cruise for Civilians which the government has arranged to take place from August 15th to September 12th offers an opportunity to landsmen which can be had in no other way. They will be enabled to see warships in action, as only they can be seen by people who take part in actual naval warfare or in naval manœuvers.

This privilege will be accorded the naval recruits, as nine battleships assigned by the government for their use will take active part in the war manœuvers.

Incidentally it is also the first time any government has furnished an opportunity for civilians to have a month's naval training without obligating themselves in any way for further service. Practically any reputable citizen between the ages of 19 and 45 can enroll for the cruise. There is no mental examination and the physical requirements are only those which commonsense dictates. Minor ailments will be overlooked and all that is required is ordinary good health. About 500 recruits will be on each ship, thereby completing the complement, which will contain only forty per cent of regularly enlisted sailors. The first week of the cruise will be devoted to a general shaking-down process and individual cruising of the various ships. Recruits who wish to specialize in any particular branch will be sorted out and assigned to the work for which they are best fitted. The second week the ships will take part in a great war game and the recruits will have an opportunity of seeing dreadnoughts, cruisers, torpedo destroyers, hydro-aeroplanes and submarines in actual operation. The third week there will be squadron manœuvers up and down the coast from Cape Henry to Cape Ann and the fourth week will be harbor work, landing parties and motor boat organization and drill.

The entire expense of this is only $30.00, $15.00 of which is for the uniform which becomes the recruit's property and the other $15.00 is to pay for the food for the four weeks. However, the question of cost need not debar any desirable applicant, as there is a fund subscribed to pay the expenses of those who cannot afford to pay it themselves and are in other ways desirable participants in this important scheme for first line preparedness.

Civilian Committee Naval Training Cruise.
34 Pine Street, New York City.

Once More "Boche"

SIR: May I be permitted to add a few words in explanation of the meaning of the word *boche?*

In Sachs-Villate's dictionary (French-German part) the word is defined as follows: 1. A dissolute fellow. 2. *Tête de boche,* a stupid fellow, a pig-headed fellow.

The same definitions are found in Villatte's *Parisismes.* s. v. *boche.*

The French slang-dictionary by Ch. Virmaitre gives these meanings: *Boche,* a German. Cf. *Alboche.—Alboche,* a German. Formerly French workmen were in the habit of using the word *boche* to designate a clumsy fellow. The syllable *al* was added to designate the Germans (Allemands) in general.

It will be seen that these definitions, dealing with actual usage among the people, are more enlightening than the derivation of the word *boche.*

M. Levi.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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Books and Things

AT most plays we more or less feel that the playwright has been over this ground before, and has scattered bits of paper which he wants us to notice, and has scattered them thickest where he was most afraid we might go wrong. Tchékov does not scatter any bits of paper. He has the purposeless gait of a man who is out for a ramble, who has never taken this particular walk before, who does not much care where he brings up, who lets us come along on the understanding that we are not to make a fuss if he loses his way. The pace is hardly any faster at one moment than at another. Not until the walk is over do we realize that our meandering guide has in a surprisingly short time made us intimately acquainted with a particular corner of the country. After all, we admit, he seems to have known what he was about.

In "The Sea Gull," with which the Washington Square Players ended their second season at the Bandbox, Tchékov has made us intimately acquainted with a few Russian men and women. Suppose we pretend that he took his characters from life, and then try to guess what an ordinary playwright who used the same models would have given us. It is not hard to guess. Most of the characters would have been comic figures. Masha, for example, a young woman who always wears black because she is in mourning for her unhappy life. And Peter Sorin, who has always had two faint ambitions, to be an author and to get married, and who is now living on his country estate, a bachelor at sixty-five, and whose manager will not spare him a horse when he wants one. And Trigorin, a celebrated author, who stops in the middle of emotion to put down subjects and phrases in his note book. And Sorin's sister Irina, a celebrated actress, so jealous that she loses her temper if another actress is praised, so stingy that she will not buy her son a new suit, although she has seventy thousand roubles in a bank at Odessa. And her son Constantine, whose one suit is three years old, who is in revolt against the staleness and routine of contemporary plays, and whose own play, meant to be very modern, is such an awful bore.

Yes, the easy way would have been to show us nothing but the comic side of these figures. That is not Tchékov's way. Constantine's own play is nearly as dull as his mother thinks it, but his condemnation of successful commercial plays is intelligent and interesting. So is his explanation of his mother's character, though he does not do her justice. She is a miser, to be sure, and an egotist, but her repentance after a quarrel with her son is genuine, and her passion for Trigorin is both genuine and durable. True, Trigorin keeps interrupting life in order to take notes, but he also knows he is the kind of man who does and must take notes, and his judgment upon himself and his fame is unflattering and clear-eyed. There is clearness, too, and a touching humility about Peter Sorin's self-judgments. Masha's sadness is both comic and sad. All these people are either touching or else self-judging, and their self-judgments are lucid. Life is not only absurd: it is also pitifully moving. Life is not only pitifully moving: it is also absurd. So Tchékov has seen men and women, and so he wishes us to see them.

By "The Sea Gull's" movement, by the way in which scene follows scene within an act and speech follows speech within a scene, Tchékov expresses the same desire for nearness to life. If you drop in on any group of persons, at a house party for example, first in the morning and again in the evening, you hardly ever notice a methodical increase in tension. One of the least usual among your experiences is to find that this group as a group is moving steadily toward the discovery of a crime or other secret, that its illusions are being destroyed one by one, that it is rising step by step toward an emotional crisis. What one sees oftenest is neither method nor symmetry nor even progress, but only outlineless incidents succeeding one another in time. This is just the unconcerned drifting motion that Tchékov copies. His men and women interrupt each other, themselves and his play. If you looked hard you might perhaps find in Tchékov almost a whole act of which the scenes and many of the speeches could be rearranged, without grave changes, in almost the reverse order.

Such an experiment, having as its outcome a meaningless juxtaposition of odds and ends, might throw a new light on the play as Tchékov wrote it, might persuade you that he knew extremely well what he was about, that his order was as right for his purposes as his choice of incidents and of traits of character and of tone. "Somewhere in De Quincey" there is a passage about the art of musical composition, about the questions which to a deep musical sense are asked in one place and answered in another. Would not this do as a description of Tchékov's art? At an ordinary play you need nothing but your intelligence. By its aid you are aware that the play begins somewhere and ends somewhere else. Your intelligence gives the play its unity. A Tchékov play gets its unity in your mood. If "The Sea Gull" does not put you into just the right mood it flies apart, breaks into pieces, leaves you wondering why this piece rather than something else.

If "The Sea Gull" puts you into an appreciative mood you have a sense of growing intimacy with its characters, yet you are never thrilled by anything very surprising in your knowledge of them, or in their self-knowledge. The most surprising thing about them is just the naturalness of their behavior, the liberty which Tchékov gives them to be themselves. He does not seem to interfere at all, to intrude at any point his will upon their wills or their will-lessness. And he ends by making you see this Russian world of his as a place where self-knowledge deepens boredom, though boredom may be as acute without self-knowledge, where men and women are discouraged, where success is as futile as failure, where life is sad, where ennui stretches away on all sides, endlessly, like the great Russian plains. But the picture is not hard or dry; for the painter has the secret of a quiet, silvery, minor-key pity, and is often amused by the people he pities.

Although my mood at the Bandbox was by no means thoroughly appreciative, although I could not help asking questions here and there, why this and why that, I was not puzzled by the suicide at the end of the play. My general impression would not have been very different if Constantine had not shot himself, but is not this the feeling Tchékov intended one to have—that whether a particular suicide happens or does not happen, the world is the same kind of a world? What bothered me most was the symbolistic use of the sea gull, a symbolism left carelessly on the naturalism without any attempt to make one thing of the two things. Even so, however, "The Sea Gull" will certainly dissatisfy many of us, when we go to the theatre again in the autumn, with the unlifelike relevance and orderliness of what we see there. P. L.

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Nature Rediscovered

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest, by W. H. Hudson, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, $1.50 net.

FOUR vanished spring days of fog and rain, and New York streets had become cold, grey canyons, dreary wastes of stone hiding drab passions and a colorless life of machines. Then the clean singing warmth of a sunny morning drew city-dwellers to the parks, with their bright greensward and towering trees, rich in new foliage. Even the ubiquitous tamely decorated sparrows seemed gay in the vibrant light, and with a sudden rush of pleasure one saw two or three of this year's bird immigrants—the scarlet tanagers—scattered like glowing embers on the grass. That spontaneous welling-up of feeling which often comes to us from the sheer beauty of the greensward of light and shade and living vividness, that quick exaltation which seems to release some sub-tropical emotion of our forgotten ancestors who lived in tangled forests—how rarely do printed pages evoke it. Yet the magic mood of such cheerful mornings one finds communicated again and again in "Green Mansions." The book is an inexhaustible source of that deep refreshment which comes from the earth and plants and spotted, startled animals. The conventional stylistic virtues of illuminating description are tepid beside Hudson's delicately yet powerfully woven strands of reality and fine imagination. Here is one instance of his cadenced, beautiful sentences, that bright freshness of single transcription with no *arrière pensée* and no joy except joy in the picture:

> "Here Nature is unapproachable with her green, airy canopy, a sun-impregnated cloud—cloud above cloud; and though the highest may be unreached by the eye, the beams yet filter through, illumining the wide spaces beneath—chamber succeeded by chamber, each with its own special lights and shadows. Far above me, but not nearly so far as it seemed, the tender gloom of one such chamber or space is traversed by a golden shaft of light falling through some break in the upper foliage, giving a strange glory to everything it touches — projecting leaves, and beard-like tuft of moss, and snaky bushrope. And in the most open space, suspended on nothing to the eye, the shaft reveals a tangle of shining silver threads—the web of some large tree-spider. These seemingly distant, yet distinctly visible threads, serve to remind me that the human artist is able to get his horizontal distance by a monotonous reduplication of pillar and arch, placed at regular intervals, and that the least departure would destroy the effect. But Nature produces her effects at random, and seems only to increase the beautiful illusion by that infinite variety of decoration in which she revels, binding tree to tree in a tangle of anaconda-like lianas, dwindling down from these huge cables to airy webs of hair-like fibres that vibrate to the wind of the passing insect wing."

Yet the very name of the man who can write with this evocative power is hardly known in this country. One can look through the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" for 1915 and the early months of 1916 without discovering a single article about him, although Galsworthy, in a preface to this edition, writes: "Of all living writers—now that Tolstoi is gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. . . . His work is a vision of natural beauty and human life as it might be, quickened and sweetened by the sun and the wind and the rain, and by fellowship with all the other forms of life—the truest vision now being given to us, who are more in want of it than any generation has ever been. A very great writer; and—to my thinking—the most valuable our Age possesses." Such high praise makes a bare outline hardly an impertinence.

William Henry Hudson, now fifty-four years old, was born in London, and I believe he has the official title to-day of Staff Lecturer in Literature to the Extension Board of London University. He first wrote for some English newspapers and was private secretary to Herbert Spencer before he came to this country, where he lectured and taught at Cornell, the University of Chicago and Stanford. He has many books of literary criticism to his credit, like "Sir Walter Scott" and "A Quiet Corner in a Library," also some historical and philosophical works such as "The Man Napoleon" and "The Story of the Renaissance." But he is best known and admired for the books springing from his love of animals—especially birds—and outdoor life, and from his wanderings in the wilder reaches of South America: "A Shepherd's Life," "Afoot in England," "Birds and Man," "A Naturalist in La Plata" and "Idle Days in Patagonia." More recently he has written romances like "The Purple Land" and "Green Mansions," wherein the man of letters and the naturalist combine to express a healthy, undidactic revolt against our disease of city-culture and our anaemic life, robbed of its rightful heritage of rich natural beauty. "Green Mansions," for example, was originally published in England in 1904. We have to thank the alert and discerning Mr. Knopf for this admirable reprint.

Somewhere in "Birds and Man" Hudson writes, "It has always, or since I can remember, been my ambition and principal delight to see and hear every bird at its best." If Hudson did not carry in his head a fund of auditory images of birds' many songs, if he did not pierce with quick sympathy the whole drama of each flash of their fluttering, colored plumage, "Green Mansions" would have been the most extravagant fantasy. In reality it is a simple, compelling narrative, told in the first person by a Venezuelan who was forced because of his share in an abortive revolution to flee to the wilderness, where he falls in with a friendly Indian tribe, headed by Runi. With them he lives idly, exploring the country round about and learning their ways, until he discovers his lovely "green mansions," a beautiful forest track, shunned by the superstitious Indians. To his "green mansions" he is lured again and again by a mysterious, strangely tantalizing half-bird, half human melody. Its possessor he one day comes upon unawares—a girl, a kind of elf who disappeared when she saw him, "going away as if she had melted into the verdure." He fails to see her again, although he returns to his forest to hear her mocking songs ever near him. It might have gone on this way indefinitely, had he not been one day bitten by a serpent and, a thunderstorm coming up, lost his way in a mad rush through the forest to reach help at the Indian camp. He plunges over a precipice and loses consciousness. When he awakens it is in the hut of Nuflo, a Spanish ex-criminal, old and superstitious, dependent upon his little ward, Rima. It is Rima—Rima the meek, drab, uninteresting orphan of the hut—who had saved him; the same Rima who, when she reached the forest, became as iridescent as a humming-bird, used the language of the winged creatures, fraternized with animals and, clothed in shimmering spider webs, sped from thicket to glade like a flash

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of light. The romance of their delicate love is the stay of the book. Rima does not know the meaning of the trouble in her soul. So she prevails upon Nuflo and her lover to accompany her to the resting-place of her mother, where she prays for guidance. Then she returns to her beloved "green mansions," bidding her lover follow her. He does so, but too late to save her from the wrath and fear of the Indians, who gather up courage to invade the forest in force and trap "the little bird," as they call Rima. She is caught in a tree top and burned to death, she falls "through leaves and smoke and flame like a great white bird killed with an arrow." Her lover wreaks a bloody vengeance on the tribe of Runi, and returns to civilization to mourn bitterly over her tender ashes in the sacred urn.

Galsworthy finds in "Green Mansions," as he phrases it, "a story actual yet fantastic, which immortalizes, I think, as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man," and he discovers symbols in the simple tale. I cannot. Certainly the book is rich in a strange beauty, but the narrative seems rather a slender, strong thread on which are strung gorgeous panoramas and prose poems of matchless, vibrant color. The Rima of vision and fact seem to blend and emerge from each other as naturally as the eerie fairyland of night shadows and flickering tropic lights is succeeded by the stark, sunlit stubble of the broad savannah in day; romance is heightened by reality with consummate tact. There is considerable fine analysis of the low cunning of savage tribes. Nuflo is a believable old rascal and bigot. But the protagonists themselves are gossamer-like, mere occasions for the luxuriant life of the forest, in its natural beauty and its cruelty, to awaken emotional and aesthetic reactions. These atavistic stirrings and moods are the readers' also. "Green Mansions" is distinctive in descriptions which seem to bring us home, to wrench us from our tamer, greyer stimuli to an environment where we experience a more multitudinous and richer life. These pictures touch subconscious springs of satisfaction. Perhaps their power lies simply in Hudson's love and knowledge of mere primitive life. Conventional bits of "fine writing" are at their best mere inventories of loveliness. When Hudson describes a tree, the sap in it runs. His landscapes are not static glories; they have the brightness and beauty of birds, yet like them too, they are quick with life.

HAROLD STEARNS.

The World's Second Worst Failure

The American College, with an introduction by William H. Crawford, President of Alleghany College. New York: Henry Holt and Co. $1.25 net.

IN spite of Rebecca West, woman is not the only creature whose business is to please. She shares this weakness with college presidents and college deans. And nowhere does one get a fuller splendor of harmless amiability than in a book of addresses made at an anniversary celebration or some ceremonial inauguration. From the God-fearing eloquence of President Faunce to the gay and flowery imagery of Commissioner Finley, one finds nothing in this book that would touch off the quickest electric battery of hostile emotion in the mind of the most neurotic of educators. Gathered together to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Alleghany College, these men gave each other soothing and recuperation. For one day at least Alleghany College was the "great good place" of American education.

President Thwing says somewhere in his address that "to think is the most precious intellectual result of the college." That the occasion must have been a moral holiday is shown by the rarity of thought in the volume, that is, if by thought we mean the problem-seeking attitude. President Faunce discusses "The Aim and Scope of the New England College," and finds not only that "the opening of the eyes of the soul, the intellectual and spiritual rebirth, is the essential thing in the educational process," but that the New England college in particular is the shrine of just this "expression of Christian faith in practical human helpfulness." Professor Conklin of Princeton discusses "The Place of the Physical and Natural Sciences in the College Curriculum," and finds not only that "science has broken the chains of superstition and proclaimed intellectual emancipation," but that the American college, in its recognition that "the greatest needs of scientific work and the highest ideals of culture are at one," is to stand "in the future as it has done in the past for the highest, broadest and most generous views of learning and of life." President Meiklejohn believes that the college is still loyal to the desire to "bring it about that the young people of our generation shall know themselves, shall know their fellows, shall think their way into the common life of the people."

The difficulty with making such "thought" seem very real is that it is quite divorced from any consideration of the actual processes, attitudes, machinery, personnel, folkways prevailing in the American college to-day. Such ideals have a kind of Platonic eternity about them. Many

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SILVER, SUBSTANTIAL IN WEIGHT

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of the addresses would have been equally significant if they had been uttered in 1875. Some of them would not have seemed strange in 1845. One must look for the significance of such utterances, therefore, not in their interpretation of current problems and current intellectuality, but in their physiological effects. The purpose of these idealisms is really soporific. Such a conference is usually preceded or followed by an excellent dinner. These speeches had the unconscious purpose of doing for the mind what the dinner did for the body. They were not to awaken to action, to vivid contest, to new vistas. They were to give just that sense of repletion, that satisfied lethargy, which the body periodically craves. All professional addresses like this have, in fact, this physiological rather than intellectual function. Understood in these terms, the book becomes a really admirable manual of literary models for the function of providing an intellectual complement to the cuisine.

An illustration may save me from the charge of harshness. Surely the one central dominating and vitiating evil in the present American college is the "time-unit" measurement of intellectual progress. Mr. Finley says it has been so universally adopted that it might well be included among the tables of weights and measures which appear in the arithmetic. It runs as follows:

45 minutes make an "hour."
5 "hours" make a "week."
36 "weeks" make a "unit."
15 "units" make a "matriculant."
5 "matriculant" hours for one year make a "point" or "count."
60 "points" or "counts" make a "degree."

A conference of professors and presidents which was really functioning in thought might have been expected to ask itself how this emphasis on the mere accumulation of "credit" affected the intellectual ideals of the students. Yet only once is this fundamental problem touched upon, and that is in Dean Haskin's address where he says, "If, as many of us believe, the universal American practice of awarding degrees upon the basis of a mere accumulation of isolated credits is wrong, both in principle and in its results—." And further on he blows almost the only breath of reality into the conference by suggesting—and he seems to be the only one of the "scholarly men" who thinks it important —"The great defect in American college education is that it does not set the mass of students intellectually on fire." "We are wrestling against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and we need help from every quarter. Some of us would prefer to see students aroused by literature, others by science, others by economics, but the main thing is that they be aroused. The first business of the American college is to make the students intellectually keen about something. What that is, is a matter of less moment." This sound and manly doctrine is more than physiological repletion. It has the texture of criticism, of intellect in action.

This book presents what is inadvertently the final argument for the abolition of classical and literary studies in the college. Professor Paul Shorey's paper is a human document, a revelation of the effect of a purely classical and literary education on the mental tone of a distinguished contemporary scholar. We were all brought up to believe that a single-hearted devotion to the noblest utterances of mankind throughout the ages, to what Professor Shorey calls "man, society, humanity, and humanity's ideals of beauty, truth and goodness," would of itself produce in our souls a tone of rare refinement and high distinction. Those of us who have sold our classical birthright for a mess of sociological pottage cannot justly be scrutinized, but we have a right to exact from the defenders of the faith the last proof of their beatific state. I for one cannot control my malicious glee when I discover the loyalists saturated, as this one is, with infelicity. I quote one rare sentence from his paper on the languages and literatures in the college curriculum: "For just as water boils too easily in a thin and rarified atmosphere, even so does the little pot soon hot of the sentimentalist who is the destined prey of the system-monger boil and slop over at temperatures which only diffuse a genial warmth through a mind restrained by the circumambient atmospheric pressure of the world's best tradition and thought." Do you get the full flavor of this elegance? Professor Shorey shows us that one can continue to "steep one's mind year after year in the common sense of the world's best books," and still scatter one's discourse with phrases like "breadwinning specialty," "pure bluff," "small fry," "perpetual surfeit of chocolate sundae and cream cakes," and then, in a burst of epigram tell us that "the hearth of scholarship and culture is not the place for the gas log." All this you can do while you stand before an American public as the uncompromising defender of making "culture" the heart of the school and college curriculum.

If these scholarly men have not pleased the reader, they at least seem to have pleased each other and particularly their host. He tells us in the preface that the book presents the "freshest and most comprehensive thought on the American college." If this is fresh, may some benignant deity prevent our scholarly men from ever uttering anything that is stale!

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Ingenious Faith

Theism and Humanism, by The Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran. $1.75.

ALTHOUGH the lectures which are the source of "Theism and Humanism" were delivered just before the war, Mr. Balfour revised and moulded them into a book during wartime. It is a highly creditable performance, and one cannot help wondering if the post of the First Lord of the British Admiralty is conducive to that leisure and mood of calm contemplation so necessary for philosophic thought. Mr. Balfour was once a figure in the English governmental scheme of ruling Ireland, yet he then found time to write a book in which he proved that there wasn't and never had been an Irish race. Mr. Chesterton himself couldn't have done better. It is difficult for us to grasp the literary traditions of the English Cabinet and the English Parliament. I cannot easily imagine Mr. Daniels entering into an epistemological controversy with the new realist school of Professors Perry and Holt. It requires heavy conceptual resources to visualize Mr. Newton D. Baker quoting Greek history in refutation of Mr. Norman Angell. It is a positive strain on the mind to picture the Governor of the Philippines writing a second "Obiter Dicta." In England they must order things differently: the human intellect seems to be less cabin'd and specialized. Politics and serious literature are happy bedfellows. Lord Morley studied Voltaire, and M. P.'s contribute brilliantly to the Home University Library. "Theism and Humanism," for instance, is an extremely able book, lucid and vigorous, with a powerful dialectic—real dialectic as contrasted with

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the vague and verbose Hegelianism which has aggrandized to itself a name worthy a less tenebrous tradition. It is sturdily English. Henry Sidgwick, that model of urbanity and clearness, has a good apostle in an author who chose his prophets wisely.

Mr. Balfour's method of arguing you into a belief in God is ingenious and original. He shakes a supercilious finger at you; in flexible, clear, aristocratic English he assures you that unless you believe in God, you are damned. Not in the old theological sense, but intellectually damned. He says so with precision and force. He staggers you with his clear confidence, his range of subjects, the free play of his mind over subtleties. Your beliefs, he informs you in a passage of dazzling ratiocination, have no rationality without God. Subtract a deity from the cosmos and the values of your aesthetic and ethical beliefs vanish. He goes further. Even the reasonableness of your every-day beliefs in the reality of an external world and independent personalities is, he assures you, thin and weak. Then he flatters your pride by saying that although, if atheistic, your every-day beliefs are irrational, they are inevitable just the same. He calls this "inevitability" of our common beliefs a new category, but its function seems chiefly to soothe our vanity. It is some comfort to learn that if I believe Mr. Smith really exists and have my doubts about God, I am a fool, yet my believing in the reality of Mr. Smith is inevitable anyway. It almost justifies me.

This, of course, is merely the outcome of the argument. The process itself is more complex. Commonsense assumes that its belief in phenomena is a rational belief. It also assumes that a belief in a noumena or a God or metaphysical entities, while it may not be irrational, is a problematical belief. A man who believes in any of these things does so, in the final analysis, because he has faith. He cannot "prove" any such belief. But every-day beliefs? Why, there is the whole body of naturalistic sciences ready to prove that these beliefs are rational. Commonsense isn't quite sure just how science would prove them rational and true, but it remains complacently sure of science's power. Here Mr. Balfour steps in. He takes all the wind out of the sails of the ordinary man by showing beyond the shadow of a doubt it is just this that science cannot do. In "The Foundations of Belief" he clearly revealed and in "Theism and Humanism" he reveals again how even the commonest beliefs rest ultimately upon faith, just as do the most extravagant. He takes almost malicious delight in showing what a shadowy and vague and miasmatic world is the world of the empirical agnostics, the world of space and time, phenomena and reality. Commonsense complains that the world of metaphysics is unreal, but Mr. Balfour is fully equipped to retort that the world of physics is even more unreal. Those who talk loudest of "experience," he says, are usually those who dare analyze it least. There is a twist to the dagger when he remarks that the materialist, the agnostic, the man of commonsense, are critical only where they are incredulous. In a lecture on "Common Sense and Science" occurs this masterly passage: "The physical causes of perception are inferred, but not perceived. The real material world has been driven by the growth of knowledge further and further into the realm of the unseen, and now lies completely hidden from direct experience behind the impenetrable screen of its own effects."

Mr. Balfour now proceeds in effect: "Here you are in a pretty fix. You tell me every-day beliefs are rational, but a belief in God rests on faith. I have shown you that all beliefs, even the most humble, likewise rest on faith. Science cannot justify them, for it presupposes them; reason can least of all. In that sense all our beliefs are irrational. Yet this dilemma is intolerable. I believe in science and every-day things, exactly as you do—these beliefs are as inevitable as breathing. And I dislike to think that I am living in an irrational world, possibly a world of illusion. Isn't there some way out? Yes—and that way is through a belief in God."

His contention then is that a belief in God gives justification, assurance and rationality to all our instinctive beliefs. Without a God, they all remain inherently incoherent. One might say that Mr. Balfour employs philosophy to raise doubts about what heretofore was plain in order to dissipate these doubts in terms of something which is obscure. Nevertheless I understand what Mr. Balfour means when he says that those critics give a travesty of his opinions who say that he forces doubt into the service of orthodoxy by recommending mankind to believe what they wish, since all beliefs alike are destitute of proof. After all he does not recommend a belief in God simply as an agreeable addition to the stock of existing illusions. It is not merely a new strand in the inextricable net of deception in which we are all caught. It is offered to us rather as our only means of escape. For only a belief in God can justify our beliefs.

Perhaps the simplest criticism of this position is to ask a question: Do our common beliefs—"inevitable" beliefs, as Mr. Balfour himself calls them—need to be justified at all? Without God, says Mr. Balfour, the world is irrational. We are told that unless we believe in God we cannot justify our belief in the external world. Do we not, as a matter of fact, wish for a belief in God which we can justify by our belief in the external world? Mr. Balfour addresses his book to the "plain" man, yet he ends where the "plain" man would wish to begin. Most of us are willing to assume the rationality of our instinctive beliefs at the outset. It seems almost like elaborate futility to show that nothing in science can guarantee that rationality. Because naturalism is inadequate to a task which we are willing to take for granted anyway there is hardly a reason for forcing us into the arms of its dialectical opposite. Do we have to be shown that our instinctive beliefs are rational? Do we not assume that they are—and is not such an assumption as "inevitable" as the beliefs themselves? In fact, is not any tangible definition of rational framed in terms of these very beliefs? A belief and the belief in that belief's rationality are tightly interwoven, and it is raising an artificial difficulty to separate them. At any rate, in a contest of justification as between our beliefs and theism, it is theism, not our beliefs, which has to be justified.

Theistic writers like Mr. Balfour take no end of delight in pointing out the values of consciousness and then contrasting these values with the world of the naturalist where consciousness itself is supposed to be a sort of uncomfortable intrusion. From this dramatic contrast a theistic conclusion is expected to flow irresistibly. They stress the point that the rational by the naturalistic hypothesis is given an origin incongruous with its source, that the values of belief are lost in a purely mechanistic world. According to science, says Mr. Balfour, human beliefs are the "product" of natural laws, in other words, they occupy a place in science's casual series. He then points out ironically what a barren, trivial thing a belief is, from this aspect alone. He uses all the heavy artillery of his rhetoric to make us suspect the scientific point of view, which, he says, would contend that our rich life of deepest beliefs is purely the result of wind and rain, chemical changes and solar dis-

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turbances. Beliefs have also a position in the hierarchy of the cognitive series, is his complex rallying-cry. "They have other values!"

Mr. Balfour is attacking the wind. Science really doesn't deny these other values. It doesn't literally say beliefs are a product of natural laws. It doesn't attempt to "explain" anything, least of all the origin of consciousness. Hume might never have written; when Mr. Balfour attacks he seems to forget that the whole concept of causation is under suspicion. The "laws" of science are descriptive accounts, not flashes of insight into the nature of the world. They furnish us with instruments of orientation in a difficult world. Mr. Balfour is thinking of the uncritical guesses of Spencer and Haeckel and Mill and Leslie Stephen. In fact, a philosophy of science is more or less a contradiction in terms. Philosophy examines all assumptions, those which underlie science as well as others. It examines the pre-suppositions which support science, it does not naïvely accept them; its difficulties might be said to begin with science instead of ending there.

Simply, Mr. Balfour doesn't ask what creed reason requires him to accept. He asks on what terms the creed which is in fact accepted can most reasonably be held. My criticism is that its being in fact accepted constitutes a sufficient reason for its being held. Certainly it is a strange method of rationalizing an "inevitable" creed, which is in fact accepted, to invoke a creed which is in fact open to doubt.

H. S.

America and Japan

Japan's Real Attitude Toward America, a Reply to Mr. George Bronson Rea's "Japan's Place in the Sun—the Menace to America." Edited by Toyokichi Iyenaga, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

THIS book, which Dr. Iyenaga edits, is a series of speeches and papers by Japanese and Americans, purporting to show that the venturesome Mr. Rea, in his exposé of alleged Japanese aggression, was shamelessly ignorant and mendacious. Japan, according to this refutation, is not hostile; does not desire war; could not afford war if she did wish it, and has every possible motive for remaining at peace. The reply, though it seems convincing, leaves us rather unsatisfied. It has too much the tone and touch of an official apologia. It is over-discreet. It refutes too much. So hard does it strive to conceal a Japanese frown that it creates the illusion of a Japanese grin. After all we do not expect, and have no right to expect that the Japanese should love us; we must be content if they do not hate us. As for the Japanese attitude towards America, we are very little interested in what wise and courteous Japanese statesmen say in after-dinner speeches. We should much prefer to be frankly told what the various elements in Japan think of our actions in California, Hawaii, the Philippines and China.

There are a thousand cautious reasons why neither Japan nor we should go to war. In the United States, as in Japan, the prevailing desire is to avoid friction. There are common economic interests and a dwindling fund of unifying traditions. As for racial antagonism and the like, nations need not love each other consumedly, if enough salt water lies between. But to minimize real differences and animosities, even though the differences are small and the animosities not general, is not to advance the cause of peace. Plain speaking is the first step towards mutual understanding.

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